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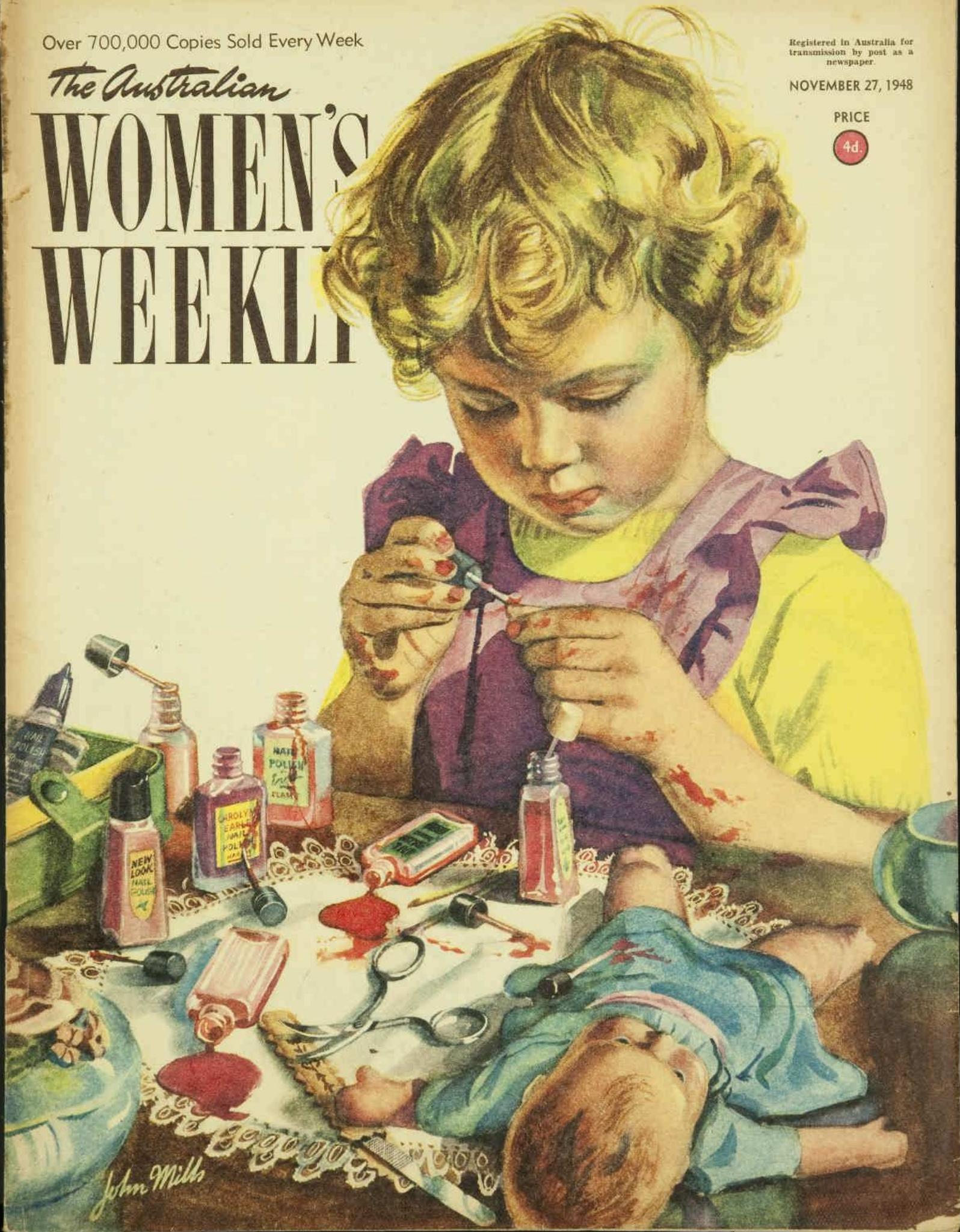
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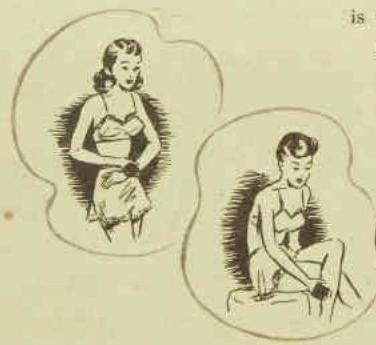
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# Silkymit

## HAIR REMOVER

1/- AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

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The Australian Women's Weekly — November 27, 1948

# Holiday with strings



Fischer

They linked arms and pushed forward to join the carnival revellers.

THEY were selling flags along the Paseo de la Reforma. The colors rioted on slender trees through the thin air. A young man was testing light bulbs strung along the arch of a national monument.

As she walked past the arch, Connie was thinking that Mexicans, like their eagle, seemed always to maintain a perfect balance. Balance was probably a good thing to have. George certainly had it, and look at him—modest, level-headed, a rising young executive.

She turned into a fashionable restaurant, and in the great sky-lighted dining-room she ordered another cup of black coffee. In six weeks she had to wear George's great-grandmother's wedding dress.

For most purposes, Connie was already slimmer than need be, but great-grandma had been proportioned like the doll on the wedding cake, and it was a family tradition that the Dodds brides would go down the aisle in The Dress as long as the fabric lasted.

"I can't starve myself into it," thought Connie. "George will probably change his mind about our marriage, and if George changes his mind there's no switching back."

A waitress brought in a well-loaded tray and began to unload it. The coffee and hot water were Connie's. The bowl of strawberries, the thick cream, the wheat cakes, butter, and jug of golden-brown syrup were for the man on the right. Connie surveyed them forlornly.

"Oh, dear," she said suddenly, "I'm famished!"

The young man said promptly, "Have a pancake. Here—put it in your saucer. Help yourself to the butter. Waitress! Some more silverware here, please."

"Dear kind heaven!" said Connie. "Let the floor open and swallow me."

"You swallow," said the young man.

"Please," said Connie. "I'm not hungry. I'm not allowed to eat. What I mean is, I'm slimming to wear a certain dress."

"A new dress," said the young man.

"Not a new dress," said Connie. "A second-hand one."

He put down his fork and leaned across the table. "Would you care to hear what has happened to me so far to-day?"

"No," said Connie, "certainly not. I don't even know you."

"This morning my hotel manager sent me an orchid corsage with his best wishes for my happiness," he told her. "I suppose he had the wrong room, but I didn't ask. In

George had said Louise Merrivether, his extremely efficient secretary, would help his mother with the details.

And the trouble is, Connie thought with her mind on Louise, he wants me to be like her, and I could never even copy her hair-do.

It had been thoughtful of George's mother to insist that Connie was tired, needed a vacation and a rest before all the excitement of the wedding began. Did she have to send me all the way to Mexico? She's always loved Louise like a daughter. I wonder—oh, shame on yourself, Connie Adams!

At the restaurant, a smiling waiter found a place for her in a booth,

By ALICE HAMILTON

in the elevator, a woman fainted on me, in Spanish. Just outside here, some fireworks exploded all round me."

Connie said, "It's the celebration. To-night there will be fireworks all over town."

"I shall hide under my bed."

"This," said Connie, picking up her check, "has gone far enough."

"If it has," said the young man, "I must have missed something."

"Good-bye," said Connie.

This morning the guides gathered as usual outside, were not interested in sightseeing tours. To-day belonged to modern Mexico. Independence Day. The Night of the Cry. The excitement was everywhere. Connie could feel it, and it made her lonelier than before.

She hailed a cab and gave the address of a restaurant near her hotel. She was thinking, I shall have a small tequila with the lime. Then I shall be very entertaining to myself and forget that this holiday is a blind. I shall stop thinking they just wanted me out of the way while they arranged the whole wedding to suit themselves.

"I'm running in luck to-day," said Connie rudely. "All kinds."

"You left your gloves at the restaurant. I brought them along."

"Oh," said Connie, blushing. "Thank you very much."

The young man looked at the bottle she was holding. He seemed to draw encouragement from it.

took her order, and invited her to choose a lucky number from a list. Connie chose 22 because it was her age, and presently the manager arrived at her table, proudly bearing a bottle of champagne, magnificently arrayed in red and green satin streamers. No. 22 had paid off.

"Well, well," said Connie, looking pleased. "If I had a ship I could certainly launch it."

"Senorita, with such champagne you could launch many things."

"Thank you," said Connie. "I am very honored."

As she went out presently, a voice said, "Hello again. I've been looking everywhere for you." It was the young man. He said, "It's lucky I ran into you."

"I'm running in luck to-day," said Connie rudely. "All kinds."

"You left your gloves at the restaur-

ant. I brought them along."

"Oh," said Connie, blushing. "Thank you very much."

The young man looked at the bottle she was holding. He seemed to draw encouragement from it.

"Would you care to see a baseball game this afternoon? Mexico and Veracruz."

"What makes you think I would go anywhere with a perfect stranger?" Connie demanded.

He said, "I'm not so perfect when you get to know me."

"This is ridiculous. I don't even know your name."

"Alexander Bartholomew Cornwall. I'm sorry I haven't got time to persuade you, but I'm late now. He was looking around for a cab. "Game starts in thirty minutes."

"George would simply die," said Connie, looking thoughtful.

"I beg your pardon?"

Three cabs put on the brakes at once.

"If the offer is still open," said Connie hastily, "I believe I'll go. It will certainly serve him right."

"I have no wish," said Alexander carefully, "to serve this George in any way. It's only a ball game. Why must we get so complicated?"

"Hold the cab," said Connie, "I'll be back in a jiffy."

In thirty minutes she was back at the florist's window. Alexander Cornwall was pacing about, tearing up paper matches. A cabdriver was leaning against the door of his cab getting richer every minute. Both of them stared at Connie.

She was wearing a lace drawing-room blouse which showed a tendency to slip off the shoulders, a magenta skirt billowing with ruffles, huipaches to match. Over her arm she carried a jacket with a complete bullfight embroidered thereon. Her hair was caught back with silver combs, silver hoops swung at her ears, and her arms were strung with clinking bracelets.

She said, "I hope you didn't mind waiting. I couldn't resist buying this outfit, but George would never let me wear it. He's conservative."

"Let me get this straight," said Alexander, helping her into the cab. "Are you engaged to George or paroled to him?"

Connie said coolly, "Are your initials really A.B.C.? How nice for monograms. Shirts, and—briefcases."

"I haven't got a briefcase," Alexander was saying, "but I suppose I could monogram the silo."

Connie gave him a sidelong glance. "I don't believe you're a farmer," she said.

"Neither does my father. But Pamela does."

"Your girl," said Connie. "She has confidence in you."

"I wouldn't put it that way," said Alexander.

When they reached the ball game and began the climb to their seats in one of the stands, a riot of whistling broke forth for Connie. Her companion acknowledged this by shaking hands with himself above his head. It was the last half of the third inning by the time they were seated, but they managed to enjoy the rest of the play quite well.

"How about some food?" Alexander asked as they left the stands. "You still look hungry to me."

They threaded their way through the stalls which fringed the street, and found a small cantina called in Spanish "The Little Blue Flower."

"I suppose," said Connie after a while, "you will go to the square to-night to see the ceremony, watch the fireworks and throw the confetti. You and Pamela perhaps?"

"Pamela is in New York. She sings in a night-club there."

"Oh," said Connie. She stood up abruptly. "When we get back to my hotel," she said, "you might as well let me give you that bottle of champagne I won this afternoon. I have no use for it. I am not going anywhere."

"Old George is not at hand?"

"Unfortunately not."

"To put it differently, you have nothing to do this evening?"

"Put it any way you like," said Connie. "I admit I would like to see the celebration, but I would insist upon paying my share of the expenses."

Please turn to page 4

Page 3

## Hot Water magic

by RHEEM



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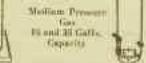
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ALEXANDER said, "IT pay. The escort union would picket me."

"You can pick me up about eight-thirty. I don't want to miss anything."

"One other thing." He seemed hesitant. "Have you one of those black dresses? Simple and—well, terrific? Maybe they call it a basic black."

Connie looked annoyed. "How does the Man with the Hoe know what they call any dress?" she demanded.

"You'll read anything in a war," he apologised. "Somebody had one of those fashion magazines, and we all liked the pictures. Nice, long-legged girls. Home, sweet home. There was a blonde like you in one of those black dresses. I used to promise myself that some day I'd have a date with a girl like that and we'd paint the town red, dance all night, see the dawn and—"

"To-night," said Connie, "they'll be painting this town red, white and green. We can certainly help." On the way back to the hotel she couldn't help asking, "Hasn't Pamela black dress?"

"She works in them and somehow that makes it seem like a uniform."

In her room Connie tried on her best black dress, surveyed herself carefully and came to the conclusion that it wasn't what Alexander had in mind. She went out and bought herself another dress. Though it was black, it was anything but basic with its slashed neckline, bare midriff, and harem skirt. By the time she was in the shower she was having a case of jitters. She had just spent two weeks' salary on a dress that would be sure to give George another attack of asthma.

She finally put on a bracelet of little silver bells, then she threw a short woolly coat over her shoulders, put out the lights, and went down to the lobby.

Alexander was waiting by the elevators. "I brought a friend who knows the local ropes," he said, introducing a young Mexican with him. "This is Roberto. We're going with his party if it's all right with you."

"Wonderful," said Connie.

"Ole!" said Roberto, snapping his fingers.

Outside she met Roberto's brother-in-law, several cousins, and assorted señoritas. One of the group had provided a cavernous limousine into which the whole crowd fitted haphazardly. Connie found that she was sitting on Alexander's lap.

"Which part of you tinkles?" Alexander asked.

She held forth the bracelet.

"I could get something like that for Caroline."

"How does she look in basic black?" snapped Connie.

"Caroline," said Alexander, "is a cow. Where did you get that dress?"

"You like it?"

"I am having trouble with my breathing."

"Asthma," said Connie in dismay.

"Not exactly," said Alexander.

As they drew near the centre of the city a canopy of fireworks spread through the sky. The general clutter increased. Young men hopped on the running-boards. Women threw confetti in the windows.

They abandoned the car several blocks from the square and linked arms to push ahead. Connie was the link between Alexander and Roberto, and as the small torpedoes blazed at her heels she was lifted off her feet and swung to safety by her companions.

"The señorita is like a feather," said Roberto shyly.

"Ole!" shouted Connie, her blonde hair flying.

## Holiday With Strings

Continued from page 3

"Ole!" shouted the crowd in return.

It was past midnight when they returned to the car. One of the cousins was missing, but the consensus was that he would be sure to turn up in a week or so, no need to worry. The demonstration in the square after the president's appearance had been quite unforgettable.

"I can't ever thank you enough," said Connie. "Without you, I would have missed it all."

Alexander said, "Thank you for wearing that dress."

The confetti battles were still in full fury.

"Brrmph!" said Connie, eating little bright bits of paper. "Can we go somewhere to dance? Only let's go back to my hotel first, and get my bottle of champagne. I only hope there's enough to go around."

"We can get enough to go around," said Alexander positively.

Connie led the goodly crowd of her companions across the stylish lobby of her hotel. There were powder burns on her ankles, confetti in her hair. The night clerk leaned across the polished counter and said, "Pssst! Roberto!"

Roberto went over and conversation in rapid Spanish went on.

"What?" asked Alexander, as Roberto came back. "Is troubling him?"

"He is my friend," said Roberto.

**ALFRED**



"Yes, I am well aware that the nation's entire economic system would collapse overnight if it weren't for credit, Alfred, but I still want to see sixpence in cash for a pineapple soda."

"He was telling me we should scram maybe. He says a gentleman is waiting for the señoritas Adams. He is in the main lounge. He is waiting many hours, and—" Roberto rolled his eyes.

"Constance!" said a beautifully restrained voice. George Dodd stood in the entrance to the main lounge. His expression indicated an admirably controlled blend of disapproval and inquiry.

"Do you mind," he said, "telling me where you've been, and why you are wearing your—that garment in public, at this hour of the morning?"

Connie scarcely heard him. He came for me! she told herself wonderingly. Dear passionate George! Pooh, Miss Louise Merriweather! Where are you now! She was vaguely conscious of a murmuring of thank-yous and good-byes, and within seconds Roberto's party had disappeared. Alexander remained.

"I have a feeling," he said, "that I may be needed here as a character witness."

"George, my darling!" said Connie lifting her face to be kissed. "I can't tell you how surprised I am."

"That," said George, without moving, "is patent." His glance moved disdainfully to the top of Alexander's head. His expression invited Connie to account for Alexander.

"This is Alexander Cornwall, George. He's—he's a farmer."

George's head correctly acknowledged the introduction, but his face continued to inquire and to disapprove. Nothing in the look, however,

ever, justified Connie's sudden, unwilling thought that to a stranger, unaware of his sterling virtues, George might seem to be a little—well, a little stuffy. She was reapproaching herself for the adjective when she observed, for the first time, the svelte blonde at George's elbow.

"You—you brought Louise with you?" Connie's voice rose to a squeak.

"Naturally," George's tone was suavely frosted.

Connie was drawing breath to answer when Alexander intervened.

"Are we going to stand here and entertain this night clerk?" he inquired. "Or are we going dancing?"

"Let's go," Louise said. She smiled into the startled countenance which George turned towards her. After a moment, amazingly, the countenance smiled back.

They went dancing at a select night-club. They sat at a small table. A little oasis of silence created itself about them in a roomful of din. Alexander presently broke the silence.

"We make me think of a bunch of characters pursuing each other around a Grecian urn," he said. "I'm pursuing Connie, and—"

"You are?" Connie sat up very straight. "Then who—" She glanced at George, who happened to be glancing at Louise.

The silence set in again. This time it was George who broke it.

"Then whom?" it was like George to get his pronouns right. Connie thought, even at four in the morning — "then whom am I pursuing? That is what you were about to ask, isn't it? The same question had just occurred to me. With the answer."

He detached his glance with evident difficulty from Louise and turned it, not unkindly, upon Connie.

"I see that the same answer has already occurred to you, too, Connie." He smiled benevolently. "It's been evident all evening, hasn't it, that we've both been on the point of making a mistake? Shall we recognise the fact and—"

"Let's," Connie said. "You're so right, George. You're always so right."

Alexander stood up and reached for Connie's wrap.

Outside there was moonlight and a baritone was singing "Amor, amor." "The Mexicans do these things so well," said Alexander with approval. Little pieces of confetti fell out of Connie's hair. Her bracelet tinkled outrageously. She was having a chill.

"I'm a little disappointed that you ever took that joker seriously," Alexander said, "but every girl's entitled to one mistake." He tilted her face and kissed her. "You've got to marry me." His voice had suddenly gone husky. "I couldn't plough a straight furrow without you."

Connie pressed her face against his shoulder. "I've always wanted to live on a farm, but George was so ghastly rich—"

"I don't want to be a disappointment to you," Alexander said carefully, "but the Cornwalls are sort of ghastly that way, too. We—"

"It's all right," Connie said. "I must really be in love."

"You will be the loveliest bride," said Alexander, looking proud. "I can see you coming down the aisle in great-grandma's wedding dress. It's a tradition in our family. All the Cornwalls—"

"Here," Connie said. "I go again." (Copyright)

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

# Black Alder

By FAITH BALDWIN

**H**ER hostess, and most of the luncheon committee, escorted Susan to the morning train. They formed a fat, furred circle around her at the station, and those who had yesterday forgotten to bring books for her signature thrust them at her now.

The high babel of their voices rose, fell, and echoed. Travellers, going past with babies, friends, and anxious mothers, stopped a moment to look curiously at the group.

A few who had seen the papers and recognised Susan from her rather gruesome pictures — of course the posed portrait was not bad, but newspapers preferred on-the-spot candid studies — asked one another "Isn't that Susan Foster?"

Susan heard. She was turning on the charm with an extra awareness of effort that morning. It was appallingly early to be charming, and breakfast in Mrs. Dawson's handsome suburban dining-room, breakfast taken at an incredible hour, and fully dressed, had been a strain.

Mrs. Dawson had a bewildered husband, good Chippendale, maids who had been with her fifteen years, and three teen-age children.

Susan said, "Thank you so much." She said, "You flatter me." She smiled and cried, "I can't tell you how wonderful this has been!" Inwardly she thought, rather pitifully, "I will never accept these house invitations again. I'd much rather go to a hotel where I can collapse alone at intervals. Even if it does cut into the profits!"

The women, snuggled in their fur coats, surged forward in a wave, clasped hands and said how marvellous it had been, such a privilege. They filled their eyes with Susan . . .

What a wonderful life she led, they thought, free as air, rushing all over the country, flying to Europe, coming home to lecture on the state of the world and to write books about it; books which weren't too deep to understand, books enlivened with glimpses of the great whom Susan called by their Christian names.

She had, they understood, a gorgeous home in New York, a fascinating farm in New Hampshire, a devoted son — she looked too young to have a married son and grandchildren — and a fabulous income.

Susan thought, scurrying down the platform, that spling shoes were hard on hurrying feet; she thought, "I'm bone tired"; she thought, "Thank goodness that's over. Heaven be praised for a drawing-room."

Then she was in the drawing-room; the porter, solicitous, had brought extra hangers, a pillow and a footstool.

"How far is the dining-car?" she asked, smiling. When Susan smiled the lights went on.

"Six cars forward, miss," said the porter, and Susan shuddered.

She mourned, "I'll never make it." She added, "Could I possibly get something back here before we reach New York?"

The porter thought so. "When?" he inquired.

She fished for a bill in the alligator handbag and transferred it to the pink palm. "About twelve-thirty?" she suggested.

The train was pulling out, running though grey, dreary streets, shabbily hedged with leaning houses. It was raining now; a desultory spattering of autumn rain, streaking against the windows, gathering its energy to settle into a downpour. Susan's bones ached a little.

The committee had met her the night before last, headed by the triumphant Mrs. Dawson, and there had been a country-club dinner, just a few of Mrs. Dawson's dearest friends — not more than forty. The next day, breakfast in bed, with Mrs.

Dawson popping in with her own tray, "as it was cosier."

After that came the drive to town, the reception, the Press, the big luncheon. The only other woman speaker was much younger but less well known, and the rest were, luckily, men. After the luncheon, hand-shaking, the book-signing and the curious glow, the candle lit to the ego, which, as usual, had warmed, and carried her through.

Then they went back to the red-brick house in the suburbs, and the little tea which one of the committee, a Dawson neighbor, was giving her — a nice little tea, about eighty women, all talking at once. Then the Dawson family dinner, twelve around the glittering board.

"I don't know why I do it," thought Susan, kicking off her shoes, discarding of her hat.

She didn't really need the money. Sam was grown up, and self-supporting. Her investments had prospered. She thought of Bill Foster, far away and long ago . . . Sam was eight when Bill died, and there wasn't much money, so Susan went back to newspaper work, and out of that had grown her exacting job and her legend.

She took out the little notebook and jotted down expenses. Of course, with the Dawson hospitality they were low this trip. But she'd rather pay through the nose than be continually on parade.

She took out a sheaf of Press clippings from the handbag. Her mouth curved upward. Eyewash, of course, but amusing.

The women reporters spoke of her clothes — as well they might, they'd cost a fortune — of her charm and beauty and extreme youthfulness. The men were equally pleasant, and one or two even mentioned her solid grasp of national and international situations.

**N**OW it was raining hard and they were running through open country. Susan looked out. The fields were grey and brown, the houses forlorn, the woods were bare and bleak, and the rain might any moment tire and turn softly to snow.

But, against stone walls, or blazing from a swamp or wood, she saw, time after time, the defiant beauty of the black alder. Leafless it stood, and the deep red berries were like a bonfire.

Where they curved close to the coast the water was grey-green and sullen, eating at the deserted beaches white on the sodden sand.

Susan shivered, and closed her eyes. She never slept well out of her own bed — although the Dawson bed had been comfortable enough.

The porter knocked. He said, "I'm sending the dining-car waiter back; it's nearly half-past twelve, Mrs. Foster."

He knew her name now — having read it on the luggage tags, on the case he'd kept outside. It was nice when people knew your name.

The dining-car waiter came in, and Susan said, "I'm sorry to ask you to come all this way."

"That's my job," he said cheerfully. "That's what I'm here for. I've a mother and two little children in the next car to look after, too."

She ordered tea, strong, with lemon, dry toast. The tea would pick her up, and the toast could not menace her excellent figure.

When the order came she was half asleep. The table was up, the tea sloshed around in the pot, and the waiter said: "I'll bring the check back, ma'am, in half an hour."

Susan ate and drank, looking from the windows. She thought of all she must do in the coming week. Why?

She could live on her income, of



The crowd surged forward in a wave as Susan paused to say her farewells.

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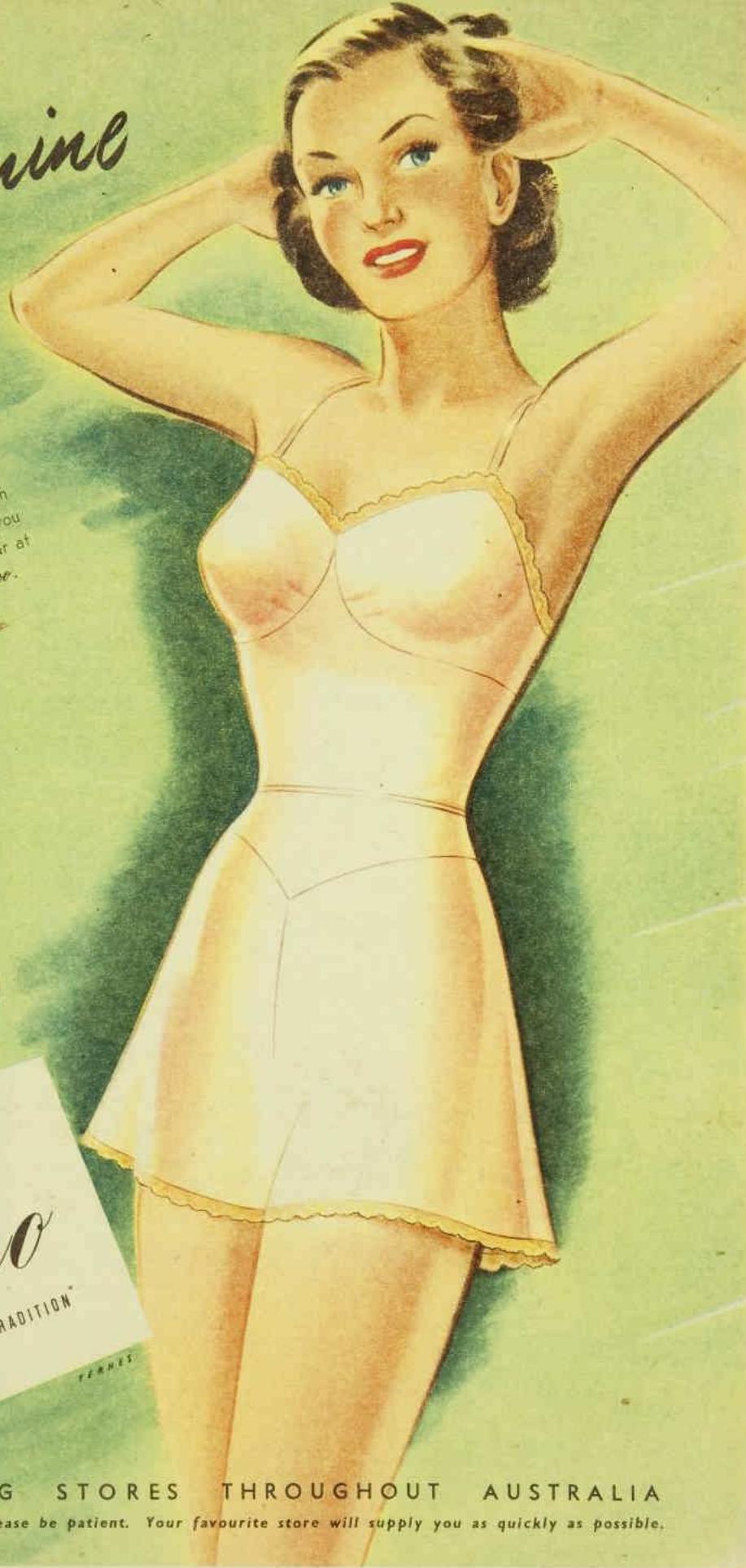
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# THE CLIFFSIDE CASE

Final instalment of our intriguing mystery serial

In the morning-room at Cliffside Detective-Inspector Grogan was receiving a report from one of his assistants, Sergeant McCall.

The Sergeant was saying: "He said to this lounge waiter at the hotel: 'I took a ferry ride round your harbor this afternoon. Got off at Shell Bay and had a walk round. There are some nice old homes over there. Who does that place Cliffside belong to—private beach, big trees right on the edge of the garden?'

The waiter said, "Oh, that's the Rutherford place. They have lots of money—wool, sugar, shipping—they're in everything. Edgar Rutherford's got it now. His grandfather built that house."

"This little man looked thoughtful, the waiter said, as though he was chewing over something more than a bit of casual information about a stranger."

Grogan asked: "Did he say if he knew Rutherford?"

"No, he didn't seem to say if he knew him or not. The waiter says he just repeated the name, swallowed his drink, and took a folder of matches and lit a cigarette. Then he asked, 'This Edgar Rutherford—married is he?' and the waiter told him no."

After he'd had another drink he went into the dining-room and ate his dinner, and that's when he must have decided to come back to Cliffside to see Rutherford and say—well, whatever it was he did want to say. He must have caught the eight-thirty ferry at Circular Quay. The waiter noticed him leaving the hotel at eight-fifteen.

When he didn't come back to catch the plane to Canada next morning, the waiter just thought he'd stayed over at Rutherford's, perhaps struck an old acquaintance."

Grogan pondered. "Why didn't the waiter come forward and tell us what he knew without us having to go round all the hotels to trace this man? He must have read about the shooting at Cliffside and wondered if it had anything to do with this man not coming back to his room at the hotel."

"He says he was just going to. But you know how it is. Hotels don't like to get pulled into any nasty publicity. The waiter probably thought it mightn't do him any good with the heads to know anything about it."

Grogan rattled the coins in his pocket thoughtfully. "And the Vancouver police are going to ring us back, eh?"

"Yes, sir. He was well known there, they say."

"I'm. We should be able to fill in the picture then." He turned briskly and walked out into the hall.

Voices and laughter came to him from the dining-room, and soda water hissing and ice chinking.

Edgar and Johnny and Owen and Medley had gone in there on leaving the drawing-room. Everyone was thirsty after the tension of the afternoon, and there was some solid drinking going forward.

When Grogan went in they were standing in front of the long mahogany sideboard, glasses in hand.

The movement of the glasses was arrested as he said, "Mr. Medley, about that lantern you were going to light to get Dr. Barlow over to the sick man."

Medley turned genially. "Hello, Inspector. You again! What about this lantern?"

"What time did you say you lit it?"

"I said—and I did light it—at twenty-five minutes past eleven."

"I thought you said in the drawing-room a few minutes ago that you couldn't ever be exact about time at that hour of the night?"

"Quite true, usually I can't. Don't try to, I suppose. But on a still night I can hear a clock somewhere striking the hours. Last night, before I went down to 'Smith' for the last time, I heard it strike eleven. After I left him I had a drink and a snack, lighted the lantern and lay down in my hammock, and once again I heard the clock strike—the half-hour, this time."

Grogan said: "Handy!"

"Wasn't it?" Medley agreed smoothly. "Of course you must remember that last night I had made an arrangement with Barlow to take note of time. I had it tied to me, as most poor devils do continually."

Johnny's face didn't change in expression. It stayed quite untroubled. At the end of Medley's speech he gave a laugh.

"Well, Inspector, there it is—I have my word and you have Medley's." He looked at Grogan and winked with the faintest inclination of his head towards Medley, who at that moment had lifted his glass and was pouring whisky down his throat with the ease of the drinker to whom drinking is less effort than breathing.

Grogan said: "Luckily we have a bit more to go on than that, Dr. Barlow. You say there was about three inches of candle in the lantern when you hung it up ready to be lighted last night?"

"That's so, round about three inches. I wouldn't care to swear, of course, to a fraction of an inch."

"No, you won't need to either. This morning the candle was burned clean out. The wick had collapsed in a pool of grease."

Medley said: "Ah!" with satisfaction, and put down his glass precisely on the sideboard.

Edgar put down his glass, too. He said: "Well, I'm not a detective, but I don't see that you've got anything very much there, Inspector."

"Oh, don't you?" Grogan asked.

"No. The way I see it is: If Medley—you don't mind, old man, do you? Or shall we call the murderer A?"

Medley nodded. "Delighted. Go ahead."

"If A poisoned 'Smith' he could still light the lantern at, say, twelve and have it discovered burnt out in the morning to suggest his innocence—that he gave the signal to summon another man on board."

Johnny said: "Exactly. Whereas, if I—" "You mean B, don't you?" Edgar said.

"Very well, then, B. If B came on board and administered the poison he would naturally extinguish the candle in the lantern before leaving so that A would appear a liar in saying he lighted it."

Grogan said: "Unless, of course, that was just the one little matter that B forgot to see to. Small things overlooked by the criminal make our job possible."

Owen put in: "What about the

third alternative? That C did this job?—or maybe we'd better call him X. That he—" "Mightn't X have been a she?" Grogan suggested.

"Or she, right. He or she came on board, blew out the light to keep Johnny away, finished off 'Smith' and relighted the lantern."

Edgar asked: "Why? What would he relight it for?"

Owen looked across at him thoughtfully: "Why? Oh, well, to create this very situation. I suppose. To throw grave doubt on either Medley's or Johnny's word."

Grogan said: "As to who knew about the arrangement for this signal Miss Elliot showed she knew about it when she said she knew why Dr. Barlow had walked down to the point just after eleven-thirty last night. So I assume that like 'Smith's' being on board, it was another of those secrets shared by everyone."

Johnny said: "Yes. Actually, I mentioned it when I came in to the

## By MARGOT NEVILLE

billiard-room from the houseboat. Everybody seemed to know about this sick man being there."

There was a silence on this point. No one commented. Grogan went out and left them at the sideboard.

Owen said: "A lot of speculation but it's my belief they're not any nearer a conclusion than they were three nights ago."

"Quite." Medley laughed softly, his comfortable bulk shaking. "Sorry, Barlow, but I'm afraid my version of the lantern mystery is the accepted one. They have the burnt-out candle as an exhibit."

"Yes." Johnny's tone was acid. "Unless they lighted it themselves this morning and let it burn away. They've got to have a case, and all that stands between them and a water-tight case against me is a couple of inches of candle."

Half an hour later, when Edgar left the dining-room, he met Grogan coming out of the morning-room. At first Edgar passed him, making for the vestibule, and then came back and went up to the Inspector.

"Listen, Polly," he said, "I know who shot Lionel."

"I say," he said, "about that gun."

"The one you turned in this morning?" Grogan gave a laugh. "My word. Mr. Rutherford, you fooled me properly over the other one in the fire the other night."

Inspector. "Don't tell me there's yet another gun in this case?"

"Yes, three guns."

Edgar stood still in the big heavily furnished hall, looking as though he didn't know whether to go or stay. Then he said again: "Well... would you believe it! Sorry I can't lead you to the third one, too," and turned abruptly and walked through the vestibule and out to his room.

"Very smart."

"But this gun this morning. Have your experts been over it yet?"

"Yes, they've been over it."

"Did they find any prints on it?"

"Oh, yes, they found plenty."

Edgar put a cigarette in his mouth and flicked open his lighter—movements as automatic as breathing. He said: "It is—er, etiquette to ask whose?" His words blurred ever so faintly.

"Oh, don't let etiquette worry you: you can ask as many questions as you like. Yes, we found Honeyman's prints on it, and Barlow's, and Miss Preston's."

"That's all, is it?"

"Yes, that's all."

"Good. I told you you wouldn't find mine."

"You were right—we didn't."

"Then does that mean—does that mean that Barlow—or Elise Preston—?"

"Shot Honeyman? No, it doesn't mean that they did or they didn't. Doesn't mean a thing, as a matter of fact."

"How so? How's that, if their prints were the only ones—?"

"Because that's not the weapon that shot him."

"What?" Edgar stared at the

Dinner was over, and even Mrs. Voss for once hadn't distinguished herself—the soup wasn't hot and the sauce piquante lacked piquancy.

Rita had put salt in the sugar-bowl, and Elise sprinkled some on her strawberries, tasted them, and instantly started to cry as noisily as though she suspected cyanide here, too. With a napkin to her lips, she ran out of the room.

Sunny got up with an odd suddenness, and said: "Good-night," making it quite obvious that she didn't mean to see anyone again that night; see them or hear them or take any further part in the doings of the household.

She went into her room and shut the door. Locked it, actually. Polly heard the key turn softly.

It was nearly ten o'clock before anything began to happen, and Polly had begun to think that another night was going to pass without bringing any change.

For the past half hour she and Owen had been walking up and down on the grass beside the lily pond. The lawn was cool and springy, and the border of flowers gave out waves of scent.

Please turn to page 10

Page 7

# The world's most romantic perfume

## Phūl-Nānā

Whirling you away  
into the star-dusted land  
of romance... Phūl-Nānā  
... perfume of sweetest  
power, disturbing mystery. A dream perfume  
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Make your date with Phūl-Nānā now!



Phūl-Nānā Perfume 2/- (Trial size),  
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3/10 (Tin) 5/9 (Sifter bottle). Phūl-Nānā Bath  
Dusting Powder 13/- (Complete with puff).  
Phūl-Nānā Hair Oil 4/6.  
Also Phūl-Nānā Face  
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Phūl-Nānā is not simply one  
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whose notes are crystal-light, perfumes whose  
notes are deep as purple... perfumes from  
the world's islands, jungles, and  
forests... blended into  
this single one...  
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PHŪL-NĀNĀ by  
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The Australian Women's Weekly — November 27, 1948

**S**OMEONE told Viola Lancroft they thought they'd seen Peg go into the restroom, so she charged in there. Viola was tired and busy, and as an ace-copy-writer she resented being made into an errand boy.

However, when she saw the form draped on one of the lounges, her indignation vanished. She went to the couch and put her hand on the form's forehead. She liked Peg Waring, as did most others at the Fenlake and Price Advertising Agency.

Peg sat up, revealing herself as a blonde, with grey-blue eyes, and hair the shade of an old-fashioned wedding ring.

Furthermore, she owned a disposition as full of charm as her hair. No one had ever seen Peg angry or upset; no one had ever heard her say a cutting word about anybody. The reverse side of the coin was that no one had ever seen her very animated, either.

Viola stroked Peg's forehead. "Fenlake wants you. Do you feel all right?"

Peg nodded and smiled a little. "I'm just sleepy," she said. "My sister's youngster was sick yesterday, and I helped her with him last night. I'll go along to Mr. Fenlake's office."

"Take your stake with you," said Viola. "From the way he barked at me, I'd say he was looking for martyrs this morning. Sure you're all right?"

"Quite. Thanks for coming for me. You're sweet, Viola."

Peg made her way towards Mr. Fenlake's office, but paused at the doorway to the ante-room outside it. From the ante-room came a nasal voice raised in anger, followed by the distracted tones of Mrs. Caligan. Peg had never before heard Mrs. Caligan, the receptionist, sound distracted. She went in feeling surprised.

At the huge desk in the ante-room sat Mrs. Caligan, elegant as a duchess. In front of her, there stood a tall, thin, jaundiced-looking man with untidy brown hair and a lantern jaw. This person was the source of the nasal noise.

"Fenlake," he said. "I want to see Fenlake, not Goodhill. Can't you get that through your stately grey head?"

Mrs. Caligan was so angry that her nostrils had a white look, but the stately grey head was still in some sort of command.

"Your appointment is with Mr. Goodhill, Mr. Marlen."

"And who made it—me, or some fool in the front office? I wrote that I'd see Fenlake."

"Our Mr. Goodhill is in charge of art."

"Our Mr. Goodhill can go jump in a layout. I'm Marlen, and I see Fenlake or I see no one."

Mrs. Caligan caught sight of Peg and looked thankful. She said, "Peg—Miss Waring—this is Mr. Marlen. He has applied for a position."

"Me?" growled Marlen. "Apply for a position? I might take a job here; I might not."

"Mr. Marlen might work with us," Mrs. Caligan amended. "But the man for him to see is Mr. Goodhill. Instead, he wants to see Mr. Fenlake. Will you tell him, as Mr. Fenlake's secretary, how full Mr. Fenlake's appointment-pad is and how impossible it is for him to see anyone this morning?"

Marlen whirled on Peg, and she saw with surprise that he was young, little over thirty. "All right, butter-curls," he snarled, "tell me how busy Mr. Fenlake is."

Peg didn't know afterwards whether she had done it because she was angry or because she was groggy with sleepiness. But she said, "We'll let Mr. Fenlake speak for himself," and she picked up a phone and got the manager.

Machine-guns burst at the other end of the wire. Tidal waves rolled thunderously on rocky beaches. Was Miss Waring phoning from the office, a suburb, or some distant city? In any event, would she kindly get the ding-ding blazes into his office?

"Mr. Fenlake, a Mr. Marlen would like to speak to you."

She handed the bellowing phone to the thin, brown-haired man, and between her and Mrs. Caligan



# REVOLT OF AN ANGEL

John Mills

flashed a look. Mrs. Caligan's said, "Nice going—wish I'd thought of that." Peg's said, "Well, he asked for it." Both waited for Mr. Marlen to crawl at the seams and crawl away.

It didn't work out like that.

He roared into the phone, "If you'll shut up a minute I'll tell you who I am and why I'm here. I'm Marlen. Edmond Marlen. Monday Marlen. I thought I'd take a job here, but if you aren't interested—good-bye."

Both Peg and Mrs. Caligan heard it. "Marlen? Hey, wait. I thought they said Martin. Sorry, old man. I'm rushed to death, but pop in for a minute."

Marlen turned to Peg. "Would you close that pretty trap and point the way to his cell?"

Peg closed her mouth and pointed, while Mrs. Caligan could only, claw at her desk blotter and say furiously, "Oh!"

Not for twenty minutes, which would disrupt the manager's entire schedule for the day, did Fenlake phone for Peg to come. She passed the caller in the corridor. He said airily, "See you to-morrow, goldilocks."

Seething with anger and other more obscure confusions, Peg went into Fenlake's office. He lay back in his chair with a pleased grin.

"He'll work here," he said. "Art director under Goodhill. Monday Marlen. We're lucky." He hauled his gaze down to Peg's face and to practical considerations. "He's—ah—a bit eccentric personally, Miss Waring."

"So," said Peg. "I noticed."

She took Mr. Fenlake's dictation, rearranged his appointment pad, and then went angrily to her own small office next to his.

Monday Marlen's position in the Who's Who of advertising was clarified in the next few days. He was a legend, it appeared. He was an angel at layouts. Everyone knew or knew of him. He was also a genius at reducing inferiors to pulp.

"You're so conceited there should be a new word for it," Peg said grimly.

with, Peg showed up at Mrs. Caligan's desk not at ten past five but at ten to six. She expected Monday to be gone, but he was there, with dynamite quivering in his long, lean jaw. Then for dinner she chose one of the most expensive places in town.

"Now I'll have to take a taxi home," she said sweetly at the end of it. "Thanks. It was a lovely dinner."

She waited for the lightning, but it didn't flash. Monday laughed again—twice in one day.

"You kill me, goldilocks. But you won't be amused, as you think, alone this evening. See you Sunday, three, Museum of Modern Art. They've some new stuff I want to look at."

The first part of Monday's prediction, to Peg's annoyance, came true. She took the taxi home, meaning to gloat, but instead she felt edgy and silly about what she'd done.

Also, she kept thinking irrelevantly that if Monday would comb his hair a little better and wear less wrinkled ties and have his suits pressed he would be almost good-looking—if he stood a little straighter. It was all very annoying and perplexing.

She was further perplexed when on Sunday she felt definitely impelled to go to the Museum of Modern Art. She'd had no intention of meeting Monday, but from noon on she felt restless and, at three, she found herself at the Museum entrance.

"Hello," he said. "No more."

He had come to see a surrealist exhibit. The pictures made no sense to Peg, and Monday called her stupid and pointed out where some of the surprising results would eventually become a part of standardised art work. He noted down a few names, with the possible idea of getting something startling and new for institutional ads. Then he said,

without looking up. "Time to eat. We'll go to your apartment."

Peg's eyes rounded. Of all the— "I wouldn't invite you to my apartment even if I had anything there to eat—which I haven't."

"I have plenty," he said, grinning his maddening half-grin, half-sharl.

"I don't want you at my apartment. I don't entertain men at my apartment."

"I'm not men. I'm Monday Marlen."

"You're so conceited there should be a new word for it."

"Quite so," he said. At the entrance he collected up a small case. Inside her apartment, which he scathingly described as "pretty as a picture in Finer Homes, and twice as impersonal," he opened up the case and took out an extraordinary variety of foodstuffs.

They ate and talked. That is, Monday talked. He spoke of agencies in big cities, of possibly opening his own some day. He was sprawled in her chintz-covered easy chair, and Peg sat stiffly on the divan and thought of all the things she'd say and do if he dared, just once, to try to sit down next to her. He stayed in the chair till eleven. Then he rose to go.

"It hasn't been as bad as I'd feared," he said. "Maybe I'll see you again."

"Maybe," said Peg.

At the door she waited breathlessly to slap his face when he tried to kiss her. He didn't touch her, just said "Good-night," and walked off.

Peg didn't see Monday the next day, thus being disappointed in her intention to witter him with a glance. When he failed to show up on Tuesday morning she tossed her head, and decided that he was off on a spree. That kind always did go on sprees, upsetting whole offices, losing accounts, and eventually being fired.

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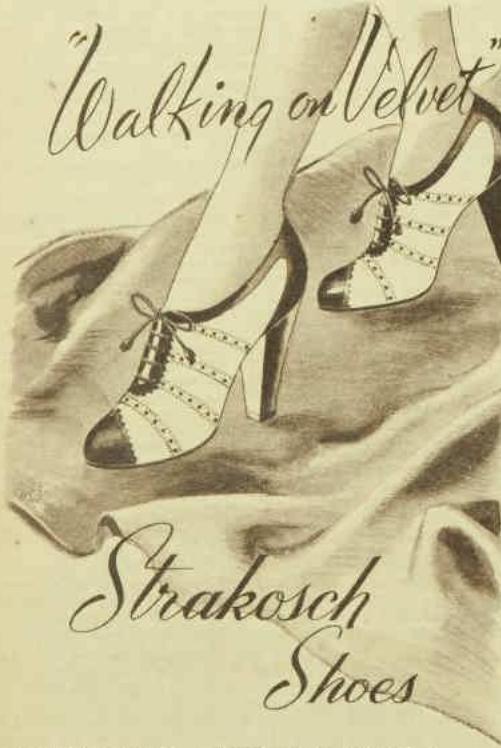
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## The Cliffside Case

Continued from page 7

POLLY and Owen hadn't been talking, just walking the length of the pond, coming to the end, and turning . . . and walking back . . . and turning again.

Presently Owen dropped his cigarette and pressed his heel on it. He said: "I think what we both really need is a drink."

She nodded. "Yes, not a bad idea. Shall we go in?"

"No, wait here, I'll go and bring them. Something very long and cool, eh?"

After he left she wasn't alone for more than a moment.

She didn't hear anyone coming across the lawn. Edgar was at her elbow before she knew he was anywhere near, and the suddenness of his being there made her start back in fright.

He said: "Your nerves are jumpy."

"Aren't yours?"

"No, No, I don't think so."

But she felt it wasn't true; his voice was so thick and hurried. Coming nearer, he said: "I thought Owen was out here with you."

"He was. He's just gone in to get some drinks; he'll be back in a minute."

"Will he?" He didn't seem to be listening; at least, not to anything but his own words. Then he said suddenly, speaking close to her: "Listen, Polly, I know who shot Lionel!"

Earth and sky seemed to give a lurch, and she with it. It was like going up and down on a switchback. After all these days of suspense, to hear it said like that—that he knew!—the thing she both dreaded and longed to know!

She whispered, leaning towards him: "What? What did you say?"

He repeated: "I know who killed him. And 'Smith,' too."

She didn't find any words. She stood looking at him in silence. But that didn't give her anything because she couldn't see any more than his outline—a black-and-white blur against the sky.

"I think perhaps you're imagining," she said. "You may have your suspicions like everyone else, but—"

"I tell you I know." He cut her short. "I know. And if you come to my room presently I'll tell you." "Why not now? If you really know. Tell me now."

"No, no, not now. You come along in half an hour. Will you?"

She felt almost dizzy, not knowing what to say, how to take it. Meaningless words fell from her: "I don't know—why should I? I mean—but if you really know . . ."

He said impatiently: "Don't argue. Will you come? You will? Good. In half an hour. Come alone." He took a step away from her and then turned back. "And—and don't shout it abroad," he murmured, and left her as suddenly as he'd come.

"Don't shout it abroad," he'd said, but fortunately something happened that made her disobey this injunction.

When he had gone, she walked right round the pond and sat down on a stone seat to wait for Owen.

There was an oleander bush above her head, and under her feet in front of the seat the grass was trodden bare. Edgar often sat here to brood over the treasures of his rare water plants.

Polly's eyes were accustomed to the darkness by now, and suddenly she saw a small object lying on the trodden white sand a few yards from where she was sitting. She peered down for a minute, but couldn't quite see what it was.

Opening the small case that held her cigarettes, she took out her lighter and went forward and stooped down and flicked on the little flame.

The still air allowed it to burn steadily. It showed her a long, sleek water-rat stretched out dead.

A dead rat shouldn't be very frightening, but it was so to Polly at that moment.

Even of itself it seemed disgusting, stretched out there stiff and contorted, but, still more, it brought to mind those other deaths—Lionel

on the sandy cliffside, that other man on the houseboat—as sudden and secret, dealt with as little mercy as this one to a rat by a pool. By whom?

A dozen hurried thoughts raced through her mind as she stooped there motionless. Then she moved the small flame in a wider circle. The bait couldn't be far off if the action of cyanide was as speedy as they said.

It wasn't far, either. Not a foot away she found a square of bread cut off a spiced currant loaf. It was spread with butter with which, Polly knew, the poison must have been mixed.

She flicked off the lighter and stood up. She hesitated, but only for a moment, then went quickly over the grass between the tall cypresses towards Todd's room.

As she got close to it she saw that it was in darkness. Fortunately, Todd wasn't there, but to make certain she knocked on the door and called softly: "Todd. Todd . . ."

He had left his radio on when he had gone out or gone to sleep. The air was full of the tinkling gaiety of light music.

Polly waited a minute, then pushed open the door and went in.

She had been in there once with Sunny, and remembered how the furniture was placed—a bed at the far end, a table in the middle with an upright chair beside it, its back to the window, and to the left of the door a bench with his radio and electric jug and griller and the few objects that made up his larder.

Her hand felt along the wall inside the door for the light switch, but she didn't find it.

When no switch came to her groping hand, she began to feel not so sure of what she had come to do.

Once again she took out her lighter and flicked at it. The flame came to life, and she stood steadyng it with her hand. Then she lifted her eyes and glanced round the room.

From the other side, across the table, another pair of eyes met hers.

She stifled the impulse to scream, the still stronger impulse to run. It took her a minute to see in the glimmer whose eyes they were and why they were staring at her motionless in the semi-darkness. It was Todd.

"Todd!" she cried, and went a step nearer.

He was sitting in the upright chair, tied at the ankles and arms and round the throat. The towel with which he was gagged hid his face. All that was left for him to do was breathe, and ask for help with his staring eyes.

Polly found the switch by the bed near the window and flooded the room with the crude naked light. Then she set about freeing Todd. It didn't take her long, for the knots came undone with very little coaxing.

Todd stood up and shook himself. She asked: "What happened? Who did this?"

He shook his head. "I wish I knew."

"But you must have some idea who it was."

"Look, missus, I never ever saw a thing, never heard a thing, neither. I was sittin' there listenin' to the music when all of a sudden the light went out. I never thought nothin' for a minute, jest thought the bulb had went bung, and then—"

He paused dramatically, then ended: "Before I knew where I was they crop' up beind me and fixed me up like that!"

She looked round the room. "Through the window, of course—turned off the light from there, and you didn't hear anything because of the music."

"That's right. Dirty rat! I know what they come for. There was five pound worth in that jar. I heard them rattin' about in the dark."

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## Interesting People



MR. F. J. H. LETTERS

. . . book of essays

BORN at Gympie, Queensland, former barrister Mr. F. J. H. Letters, now senior lecturer in classics and English at New England University College, Armidale, N.S.W., is author of newly published book of essays, "In a Shaft of Sunlight." Mr. Letters is married, has four daughters, has reputation as public speaker, loves walking. He is a member of the Diplomatic Cadets Selection Committee.



MISS VIRGINIA ROLLS

. . . height helped her

CONSIDERED among most successful British mannequins, Virginia Rolls will show clothes here in pre-Royal tour fashion parades. Has modelled everything from sarongs to top-coats, but feels most at home in suits and country clothes. Has shown clothes for British designers in Ireland, London, and South of France. Measurements: Waist, 25in.; bust, 35in.; hips, 35in.; height, 5ft. 10in. "Being tall is a help, not a hindrance," she says.



LT.-COL. N. W. W. JOHNSTONE

. . . knows India

NEWLY created post of Commonwealth Migration Officer in New Delhi is to be filled by Lieut.-Colonel N. W. W. Johnstone, of Melbourne. Born in India, he came to Australia over 20 years ago, still speaks Hindustani and several native dialects, makes "real Indian curry" for friends. A former Indian and British Army man, Colonel Johnstone resigned secretaryship of Victorian Regional Reconstruction Committee in order to take up new position.

# Mary Hardern's Paris Notes



## Fashions for the teenager

Above are four lovely dance frocks for teenagers described below reading from left to right.

- Balenciaga's white organdie spotted with apple blossom has the small waist held firm with a black quepiere sash to minimise an 18-year-old's waist. Puffed sleeves are youthful.
- Marcel Rochas uses lemon-yellow for a frock with sunray-pleated skirt, and makes the bodice with a raglan capelet. The underskirt, sleeves, sash, and collar are pervenche-blue.
- Marcelle Chaumont draws fine black velvet ribbon through the ruched bodice and forms it into starlike flowers at the neck. It ties firmly at waist to allow skirt to be as bouffant as possible.
- Carven uses pink check gingham for charming frock trimmed with white rick-rack on the boat neckline. Sleeves are cut as part of the bodice. Skirt is very full from just above hips.
- For every day have the vivid navy linen frock, at left, with a detachable vest, blouse, and petticoat, which you can wear in various ways, and they form a complete frock without the tailored blue overdress.
- Jeanne Lafaunie, at right, buttons the bodice of a raspberry cotton with self buttons, ties a deeper pink cotton sash in a huge bow over pleated skirt. New Maud Roser cotton hat can tie under chin or turn back to top of the head and knot in very casual shooting-cap style.

# Wool takes a Holiday

## YOUR TRAVEL OUTFIT.

Whether your destination is Tasmania or the tropics a fine worsted wool suit is your best bet to arrive as fresh and fetching as when you left home. Over your arm goes an all-purpose coat of wool fleece, suede cloth or plain tweed, to be worn anywhere, everywhere, day or night. On your head—a small, head-hugging felt or a crocheted wool cloche.



## HOW TO PACK.

First, make a list of the things you'll want. Discard all those that you're not certain of needing, including unwieldy-to-pack evening dresses. Concentrate on interchangeables like slacks and a trim skirt with a selection of sweaters, wool jersey blouses and colourful shirts. Then put every item out on the bed and get cracking. Stuff shoes with bits and pieces, such as hankies, socks and stockings, and put them on the bottom of the case which should be long enough to take day skirts without folding them crosswise. Blouses and dresses should be folded on the same principle as men's shirts and, to keep the packing level, padded shoulders should be alternated, end for end. Jackets lie across the case. Wool scarves, knitteds, wool swimsuits and slacks and shorts can be rolled to save space and fill odd corners. Tissue paper isn't really necessary with wool clothes.



## JODHPURS

— wool, for reasons best known to riders.

## WOOL SOCKS

— of course!

## TOPPER COAT

— tops the lot — swimsuits, sports clothes, dance dresses.

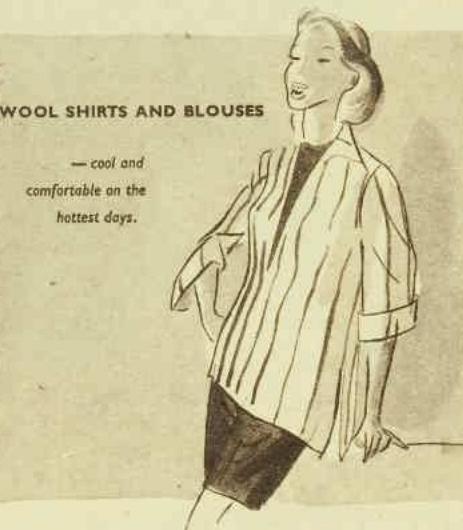


## AN EVENING SWEATER

— wool, brilliant with glitter.

## HOUSEGOWN

— soft wool because wool can take the on-again-off-again life and the steamy bathrooms without wilting.



## THIN WOOL SHIRTS AND BLOUSES

— cool and comfortable on the hottest days.

## A WOOL CARDIGAN

— very new worn with swimsuits.

## WOOL SWIMSUIT

— perhaps two — one printed, one plain — both quick-drying, sun-struck and waterwise.



## SLACKS OR PEDAL PUSHERS, SHORTS

— made from striped or plain flannel or worsted.



There is no substitute for



Advertisement inserted by The Australian Wool Board

POLLY went over to the bench and lifted the lid off the tobacco jar, switching off the radio at the same time. She said: "There's five pounds ten here now."

"Somehow, she thought, Todd didn't look surprised.

"Took fright, I reckon," he muttered. "That's about the strong of it. The cook at the hotel had her bag snatched the other night. Same bloke, I reckon. Dirty rat!"

Polly was standing by the bench. Todd went on talking. Dirty rat! What he'd do if he caught him; how he'd learn him . . .

Her eyes fell to Todd's kitchen arrangements at her elbow. At one end, on a plate under an upturned glass basin, there was a chunk of spiced currant loaf. This was what she had come to look for.

She stood a minute . . . stopped hearing what Todd was saying. Then she said: "You must be feeling shocked, Todd."

"Me? Not me. I—"

"Let me make you a cup of tea. And have a piece of that currant loaf. It looks very nice."

"Isn't, though, 'tisn't so good. It's stale now. Miss Elliot give me the half of one she bought four or five days ago." He came over and stood beside her. "Well, don't you wait; I'm all right. I'll make myself a cup o' tea and go to bed."

She looked at him thoughtfully. Was being gagged and bound nothing in Todd's life?

"But we must find the police," she said, "and tell them what's happened to you."

He said quickly: "The police? They're not here. I seen 'em drive off as I was havin' me tea."

"But—" she began.

"I'll tell 'em in the morning. I'll lock the window now." He crossed over and did it and came back. "They won't get another go at me to-night. Don't you worry." He was manoeuvring her to the door.

Polly said good-night, and as she stepped outside the door was closed and the key turned in the lock.

Her head was a jumble of half-born ideas as she hurried over the lawns towards the house. She passed the lily-pond, but Owen wasn't there. He'd got tired of waiting for her and gone in.

As she went round the side towards the verandah at the back someone loomed out of the darkness close to her.

It was Hugh Medley.

She said in surprise: "Hullo. I thought you'd gone back."

He laughed. It sounded as though he hadn't expected to meet anyone. "I did go back—quite true—when the shouting and the tumult died—but circumstances forced me here again." He gave another laugh. "Circumstances over which I had no control."

"What do you mean?"

"I—er—I ran out of whisky and came to borrow a bottle." He went on into the house.

Polly went along the verandah to the billiard-room window. Inside were Johnny and Elsie and Fenella, and Owen. Sunny was absent from her usual place on the settee.

Through the window Polly caught Owen's eye. He stepped quickly outside. "Darling, where have you been?"

She said softly: "Something queer has happened," and she told him—about Todd and the dead rat.

Owen stared. "What do you make of it?"

She shook her head, lifted his wrist and glanced at his watch in the light from the window. "I don't know. I can't make anything of it, and just at this moment I haven't time to try."

"Just at this moment?"

"Listen, Owen, will you go down there and hang around Todd's room and see if you possibly can if he's up to something?"

#### Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of each page.

Short stories should be from 5000 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1088W G.P.O., Sydney.

## The Cliffside Case

Continued from page 10

"Why? What for?"

"I think we should ring the police and tell them. But not immediately. I think we might be going to find out quite a lot more to-night." She turned away.

He asked, following her. "Polly, what are you up to? You've got something on. Where are you going?"

So events luckily forced her to tell him where she was going and what for.

It was just on ten-thirty as Polly went down the path to Edgar's room. The door was closed and she knocked on it.

It opened immediately as though he'd been just inside, waiting for her, timing her coming.

"Come in," he said. She went in and he closed the door. "Get rid of Owen all right?"

"You told me to come alone."

"That's right, I did. But that doesn't follow you'd do as I asked. Why should you? I know you seem awfully accommodating, but I'm not fooled into thinking that you're necessarily what you seem, any more than any other girl is."

"All right, I didn't come to talk about me."

"Didn't you?" He laughed querily.

#### BUTCH



"Don't say you're so unlike other women that the subject of herself ever palls?"

"Out of date, Edgar."

"Is it? Well, I don't suppose it's out of date to tell you how pretty you look in that white frock. So cool. Have a cigarette? There's whisky here. Or would you rather have a brandy? No?" He poured himself a whisky. "I suppose you think I drink too much?"

"I don't know. I haven't thought about it."

"Well, I do, far too much. But after to-night I'm cutting it out."

She felt he was talking for the sake of talking, that he hardly knew what he was saying.

Suddenly something like panic began to take hold of Polly—the panic that reasonable people feel in the presence of something they can't understand.

Edgar drank his whisky standing, then made a face. "Stuff's lukewarm! All my ice is melted." He walked to the door and opened it, took two steps outside, threw out the rest of his drink, closed the door and came back.

"Don't you feel it's hotter than usual to-night? Not a vestige of air." He went to the window this time and pushed wider the sliding panels, leant out and took a deep breath.

He was right. It was stilling hot and still . . . as still as she had ever known it, and the darkness outside the window was solid.

She waited till he came back to the table. Then she said: "Well, let's get down to it."

"Get down to it!"

"You say you know who shot Lionel, and you said you'd tell me if I came along."

"Yes, I know. I'll tell you."

"Well, tell me, tell me! For goodness' sake stop stalling and tell me what you know. Now—now!"

Her emotion seemed to fire him. He said on the same note: "Now, don't start panicking. What's the hurry? You've waited three days, haven't you?"

She leaned back against the table. "That's just it. I can't stand any more, I tell you."

"Oh, do keep calm. I've always

liked you, Polly, because you've seemed different from other women. Did you know I liked you?"

"Edgar, please!"

"You always seem so calm and still. I like calm, still things. That's why I built this room and came to live over here. And my lily-pond, and you . . . still and calm like a water-lily."

She said, holding on to the table: "I'm waiting."

"All right." He came towards her. She saw now, close to him, that the sweat was pouring off him.

Although so near her, he pulled her closer and almost whispered in her ear: "Listen, I'll tell you. Owen shot Lionel."

She gave a cry: "Owen! . . ." and writhed away from Edgar's hands on her shoulders.

Her sharp cry was like a whip-lash on his face. She saw him wince away from it. "Be quiet!" He swung round to the door.

It had opened. Owen was standing just inside, revolver in hand. He took two steps forward. He said: "You swine, Edgar. I heard what you told her. You know you shot Lionel. Tell her you did it. Quick! You've only got a moment." He lifted the revolver . . . took aim.

A shot rang out, but it came from the window, and the gun flew out of Owen's hand. He turned and ran out the door—into the arms of Manning and McCall waiting there.

Edgar turned to Grogan at the window. "You cut that fine!" he gasped.

Grogan grinned, leaning in. "Well, it just the least thing went too far."

Edgar dropped into the nearest chair. "I'll say it did! But as I was the clay pigeon—"

Polly didn't hear any more. With an unexpectedness that for ever after surprised her, she fainted and lay as white and still as one of Edgar's water-lilies on the moss-green cover of his divan.

An hour or so later Grogan crossed the hall from the billiard-room, where he'd been getting from Headquarters certain information from the Vancouver police. He went back to the morning-room. Edgar and Johnny and Medley were waiting for him there.

Grogan nodded as he closed the door behind him.

"That's all we needed," he said. "Now we know why he did it. I knew he was our man, but we couldn't arrest him till we had some evidence like—well, like finding him with the revolver he'd used and must've hidden somewhere, under a rock on the beach or some place like that."

Johnny asked: "What made you think he hadn't cracked it out to sea?"

"These trigger-happy men don't get rid of their guns. They carry them round like a kid with a new penknife. So we laid a little trap for him. Mr. Rutherford and I—Mr. Rutherford telling Mrs. Honeyman something we knew she'd tell Shelton, just as she did the night before about 'Smith' on the houseboat."

"We took a chance she'd tell him, and, luckily for her, and us, she did. We reasoned he was pretty sure to unearth the weapon and snoop round the garden-room when she told him she was going there to hear who the murderer was."

Medley asked: "But about poor old 'Smith'—where does he come into it?"

"He began it. The first afternoon as he was strolling round the hill-side he looked down and recognised Shelton. One of those things that only happen once in a blue moon—recognised him, heard his voice, saw him up to his tricks again, making up to a pretty young woman.

"There he was, the man who three years earlier in Vancouver had run off with 'Smith's' wife—spent her money, sold her jewels, and then walked out on her. Broke up 'Smith's' home, and his whole life."

Medley reflected. "Yes, as I said, 'Smith' seemed like a man who'd lost interest in living."

Please turn to page 22



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Somebody's been forgotten! Here's a cherub flying up with useful Kit containing 2 cakes of Palmolive Soap and Palmolive Shaving Cream . . . 2/4

# COLGATE-PALMOLIVE Gifts to please!

# LIFE STORY OF MRS. KASENKINA

## Her dramatic leap for freedom that startled the world

THERE was no visible muzzle on me when I was taken that afternoon of August 7 to face a group of reporters from the New York Press, yet I was gagged just as effectively as if I had worn one.

The stage was set for a mock interview in free America, on the same lines as the show trials put on in Moscow during the Great Purge. The stage manager and his assistant were Consul-General Lomakin and Vice-Consul Chepurnykh.

Serving as a backdrop for the act was a small contingent of picked consular aides lined up against the wall in the rear. In my eyes their visages stamped them as being N.K.V.D. veterans.

I was so fagged out when they led me into the room that I was afraid I would get dizzy and fall off the straight-backed chair of freedom. So I asked Chepurnykh to let me sit on a sofa.

That not a single representative of the Press present at the interview spoke Russian was, I am convinced, not due to any pre-arrangement.

The effect, however, was to deliver me wholly into the hands of my puppets. It enabled them to frame the case according to their fantastic scheme and to present the fabrication to the world and to the American Government as the truth.

The conversation being carried on in English I barely understood what was going on.

And I felt so humiliated at the role assigned to me that I could not look squarely at the newspaper people.

Lomakin and Chepurnykh started off by giving the Press their own agreed account of the events which had made me seek shelter at the farm of the Tolstoy Foundation.

From my subsequent questionings by the American authorities I ascertained how bizarre their account was and how replete with downright inventions.

As an instance, it might be sufficient to cite the reported statement by Chepurnykh that my husband was a scientist who had been killed in the war.

In my questionnaires and applications filled out in Moscow prior to my departure for America I had consistently recorded that my husband had died in 1927.

When questions were addressed to me, they were interpreted for me by my keepers, and my answers, in turn, were interpreted and elaborated by them in a way which made some of the reporters look sceptical.

My own condition spoke better than anything I could say in the circumstances.

When the photographer got ready to take my picture with Lomakin, the latter urged me in Russian, "Smile!"

Instead of smiling, I had to stifle a cry. Fortunately the picture shows the pressure under which I was laboring.

When the ordeal was over and the reporters rushed out, Lomakin escorted me upstairs.

"All's well that ends well," he remarked with satisfaction. "You'll stay here with us until the next Soviet ship sails back home."

"As for Samarin—he's a durak—a fool," he added.

A couple of the consular women who were to dog my steps during the next five days came around to visit with me and to draw out

### Last chapter

THIS is the final instalment of the life story of Mrs. Kasenkina. In the four previous issues she told a story of suffering under the Soviet regime, of deep personal loss and of constant surveillance and curtailment of freedom. In this conclusion she reaches the sensational climax of her personal drama.

any further information I might yield.

From them I learned that when the Samarsins and I had failed to come to the pier the morning the Pobeda was to sail for Russia, the departure of the ship was postponed.

Since our luggage was on board, the Soviet authorities at first thought that some traffic accident might have delayed us.

Later, when a search revealed our disappearance, they became convinced that our defections had been part of a single plot.

I was unable to persuade them that I had no foreknowledge of the Samarsins' plans to remain in America and that I had never confided my own plans to them.

The door to my room was kept open at night. In the hallway a cot was put up on which one of the women clerks of the Consulate slept, presumably to keep me company but really to watch over me.

Across from the office which I occupied were the living quarters of Lomakin himself, consisting of an alcove with a kitchenette and a large room opening on the court in the rear of the building.

My worry over the Press interview grew into anxiety when the newspapers containing the reports of the affair were kept from me.

It became clear that I was being exploited for propaganda purposes. At the same time the solicitude for my health displayed by my guardians was disgusting to me.

In the morning the women would bring in tea and one of them usually breakfasted with me. I had all my meals with them in the room on the third floor, but ate very little.

"What can we do for you, is there something special we can get for you?" they would ask sweetly.

In the street outside, upon which the two windows of my room looked out, there was incessant activity.

Through the drawn curtains I could see knots of people on the sidewalk, gazing at the Consulate.

I caught glimpses of reporters, photographers, and police accosting consular officials as they came and went.

The Consulate itself became like a fortress under siege. From the Amtors and the U.N. personnel, Soviet officials were recruited and installed in our building as if they were preparing to repel an invasion.

Every few minutes someone would either pass my room or look into it.

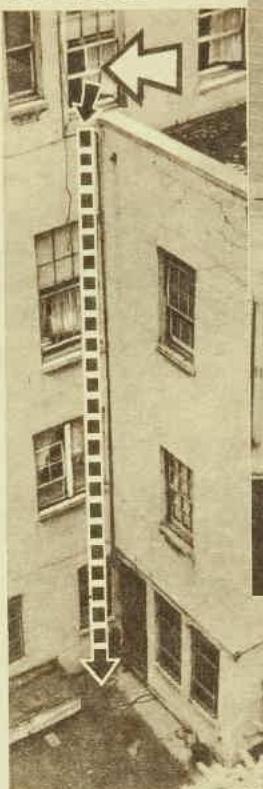
Yet the vigil inside and outside gave me courage. I felt that I was no longer alone, that I had the support of the American people.

This became strikingly evident when Lomakin was served with papers to produce me in an American court. There was much excitement over it in the Consulate.

There were moments when it was thought that the police chiefs who called on Lomakin would insist on taking me before the judge.

Then my keepers would become extremely concerned over my welfare.

"You'll be our chief witness."



LEAP FOR FREEDOM. Arrows mark Mrs. Kasenkina's leap from the Soviet Consulate window. From sill hangs broken telephone wire which she clutched at as she fell.

Vice-Consul Chepurnykh said to me one day in his most endearing manner.

I thought otherwise. By this time I realised that my appearance in an American court would be my last chance to break away from my gaolers and to reach an open road to freedom.

The five days and nights of my confinement to the third floor of the Soviet Consulate became a mounting nightmare. I had no rest.

Presumably I was free to move about. In reality I found myself under domestic detention.

"Why do you keep me here? Why are you making a nervous wreck out of me?" I kept asking either Lomakin or Chepurnykh.

"With all that noise outside and

all those curiosity-seekers, why don't you let me go to Glen Cove?"

I hoped that there, at the Long Island estate used as a rest-home for Soviet officials, I would find it possible to escape to freedom. But my pleas fell on deaf ears.

"Skoro poyedem—we'll be leaving soon," Lomakin would answer, indicating that he, too, expected to journey back to Russia.

One day Lomakin reported to me that Countess Tolstoy had declared to the Press that I had a sister in England and that my husband had been purged.

He feigned surprise at these facts which I had confided to Miss Tolstoy, and queried me about it in a significant tone.

There was no longer any doubt in my mind as to what fate had in store for me upon my return to Russia.

The deadline for my appearance in court had passed, and those sur-



RECOVERING FROM HER INJURIES, Mrs. Kasenkina sits in a wheel-chair for the first time since she leapt from the Consulate window in August. Her extensive injuries included broken bones in right foot, fractured right knee, fractured right thigh, fractured pelvis and vertebra in lower back, internal haemorrhage, cuts and bruises.

rounding me now felt that I would not be surrendered to the American authorities for questioning.

I began to figure out ways and means of escaping. I feared among the onlookers in the street there might be Soviet agents planted by the Consulate to see if I were communicating by signals with confederates outside.

I virtually stopped taking food, which worried the Consul greatly. He would ask me if there were any appetising items they could buy for me.

I kept insisting that I wanted a change of quarters. I put on a pair of slacks and a jacket, and tried to relax. But I could find no peace.

To keep me entertained, the consular women finally installed a radio in my room.

I could hardly understand what the news broadcasts were reporting about my case, but now and then I caught my name and those of the Consul and realised what a sensation the affair had become.

I asked to be transferred downstairs. To show me that there was no other room available in the building, I was taken down to the basement, which was used as a storeroom. After this I preferred to return to the third floor.

I had noticed that there was a gridded iron door leading from the basement passageway into the courtyard.

"You can see that we have no space," Lomakin assured me, "but you can come downstairs any time you want to. You are free to go about as you please."

The implication was that my stay in the Consulate was all for my protection.

The afternoon of Thursday, August 12, I decided to put Lomakin's words to the test.

I dressed for the street, put on my gloves, and boldly walked downstairs, making for the front door.

Suddenly I was surrounded by a band of men. There must have been twenty of them, and they seemed to have sprung out from every corner.

"Where are you going?"

"You mustn't leave."

"Don't you see what's going on in the street?"

"Go back to your room!"

Lomakin himself appeared. "Pod-

nimtes! Up you go!" he snarled.

I was hustled up the stairs. Two of the consular females were immediately assigned to me.

One of them was Petrova, the other was my former landlady, Zoya Porozinskaya, who had her little girl, Olechka, with her.

"Why did you do this?" they asked.

"Do you think that you're under arrest?" Zoya asked with a sly smile.

"Why?" I cried, breaking into sobs. "They don't let me go out. I'm suffocating here without air. I'm no longer my own self, and can't sit still or rest."

I sat there, smoking furiously. "What shall I do now?" I kept saying to myself.

"I must do something. I must do something."

The little girl began to cry. Too. To quiet her I went across the hallway, to Lomakin's alcove, to get a soft drink out of the refrigerator for the child.

The door from the alcove to Lomakin's living-room was ajar. I noticed that the window in the back was open.

I poured out the drink for the little girl and took it to her.

Her mother and Petrova were in my room. They were trying to soothe the tot with the cold beverage.

I made a dash for Lomakin's room, closing the door behind me.

I climbed up to the window-sill, saw a wire attached to the outside wall of the house, and looked down as I shivered with a chill of terror.

I crossed myself, seized the wire, and leaped.

In an instant I was lying down in the courtyard in a heap. And I was alive!

As it appeared later, I had burned the two fingers which gripped the wire as I slid a short distance down before I pulled it off the building. It was a telephone wire and fell all about me.

As I was groaning and calling for help, there were cries and sounds of alarm in the air above me.

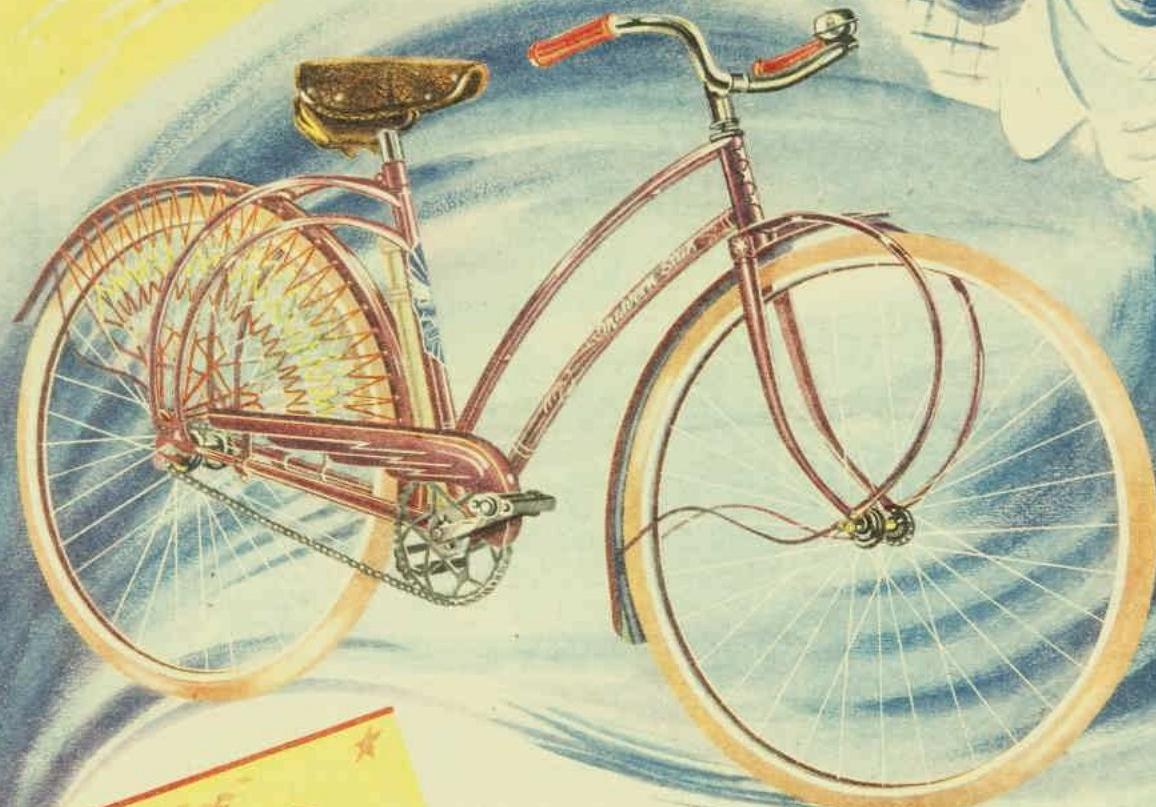
There were people fumbling at the iron door leading from the Consulate building into the courtyard.

As I learned only subsequently, the door had been locked long ago and the Soviet officials could not locate the key for several minutes.

Continued on page 36

*This Christmas*

**Let her dream come true!**



## GIVE HER A MALVERN STAR

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# PRINCESS ELIZABETH IS A MODEL MOTHER



**NANNIES MADE BABY'S FIRST CLOTHES** Misses Ruth Attrill, Natalie Earle, and Florence Lewis examine some of the garments they helped to make for the layette presented to Princess Elizabeth by the British Nursery Nurses Association.

## Parents want child to be just "our baby" in early years of life

From ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

Although their son is second in line of succession to the Throne, Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip want him to be just "our baby."

In keeping with her modern and practical approach to motherhood is Elizabeth's determination that the child as far as possible shall have a similar home background to hundreds of other children.

**B**UT it is equally evident that she will share her pride in her son with the people who have so warmly welcomed him. The day after the baby was born it was announced that photographs of the little Prince would be taken "quite soon."

Elizabeth insisted during the months of waiting that nature and commonsense were the first and most important things in having a baby.

She continued to wear high-heeled shoes and carried out many engagements, even going out to dinner two nights before the baby was born.

Although she refused to be mollycoddled she followed the pre-natal routine laid down by Sir William Gilburt meticulously. It was an easy-going one, but even in the early months Elizabeth did not depart from it.

She watched her diet and took regular exercise like any other modern young mother. As a result of

• Directions for knitting the first matinee jacket worn by the Royal baby will be published in our issue of December 11.

In the picture Elizabeth is seated in a gold Regency chair, and the Duke is standing behind it wearing his service uniform.

The Duke had the picture delivered to the palace and set up in one of the rooms, with arc lights trained on it, before Elizabeth saw it.

She was delighted, particularly as the artist had captured the boyishness often evident in the Duke.

I heard what a great success the painting has been from Lady Mary Strachey, the lady-in-waiting whom Princess Elizabeth chose to be at the palace during the birth of the baby.

Once a week during the last weeks of waiting for the baby, Philip has taken his wife to the compact little picture theatre on the second floor of Sir Alexander Korda's disfashioned West End home, where they enjoyed many film shows they had missed in regular cinemas.

The Duke broke the news to Elizabeth that she had a son.

He was standing at her bedside when she came out of the anaesthetic.

"Darling, it's a boy," Philip said, and the Princess, smiling wistfully but happily, took her husband's hand.

Philip had been waiting in an adjoining room with the King and Queen. When the baby's birth was announced he went immediately to Princess Elizabeth, who, however, had not come out of the light anaesthetic.

So, putting on one of the hospital masks which were ready, he was



**BABY BLANKETS** made by members of the NSW Country Women's Association have been accepted by Princess Elizabeth. Mrs. W. S. Hatfield works on one on the verandah of her home at Wollongong, N.S.W.

was born Elizabeth Margaret, and Philip went off on this weekly picture date and Elizabeth was delighted because Burgess Meredith, one of her favorite stars, was in one of the films.

Before the show they had coffee and sweet biscuits, and after it Philip opened a bottle of iced champagne and they drank to Elizabeth's good health.

An occupation which delighted Elizabeth and Philip was the putting-up of their family album. They had a host of photographs and informal snapshots waiting to be cut to size and pasted up.

Princess Elizabeth did the captions in white ink, and the pictorial record was brought up to date.

Now they will begin on a new chapter.

Prince Philip, a keen amateur photographer, intends to keep a complete record of his son in the Mountbatten family album, and just before the child was born he bought a new camera.

While Elizabeth was concerned with the details of layettes and bringing up the baby, he sought help and advice on the working of the camera with which he intends to record the child's progress.

Miss Helen Lightbody, who was nurse to Prince William and Prince Richard of Gloucester when they were in Australia with their parents, is the Royal nanny.

She told me that child welfare methods used in Australia which she studied while she was there, will be incorporated into the routine of the nursery.

**GRAY-HAIRED**, kindly faced Miss Helen Rowe, who is Princess Elizabeth's nurse. She has been engaged for four or six weeks. Miss Rowe nursed the Duchess of Kent when Prince Michael was born.

In the nurseries at Buckingham Palace, a few days before the birth the young Royal mother put the sets of baby clothes into a white-painted chest.

First and most practical was the layette made by the nannies of England.

The first two nighties the Royal baby wore were made by 75-year-old Miss Natalie Earle, living in retirement in Winchester. Of soft dayglo, they were made from the pattern she has used for all the babies she has "brought up."

So touched was Elizabeth by the loving thought and care the nannies had put into clothes for her

baby that the Princess' lady-in-waiting wrote to them, saying:

"It is not usual for Her Royal Highness to accept gifts from any organisation to which she is not attached, but an exception has been made in this case, and the Princess is more than delighted with the beautiful layette."

From this layette the Royal mother chose Miss Ada Rate's matinee jacket to be her son's first jacket.

Miss Florence Lewis, of Hertfordshire, Middlesex, made the shawl, and Miss Ruth Attrill, of Wimbledon, did the exquisite latticing for the pillowcases.

# Editorial

NOVEMBER 27, 1948

## THE EMPIRE'S NEW BABY

THE new baby at Buckingham Palace is the centre of attention in the British Commonwealth.

*His hands, now the tiny dimpled hands of babyhood, will some day hold the jewelled orb and sceptre, the symbols of all the responsibilities that go with leadership of a great partnership of democracies.*

But for a little while he is entitled to all the doting admiration that is the due of any new baby.

He is in the direct line of succession in a family with a noble tradition of temperate and exemplary kingship.

But he is also the first baby of a charming young couple, whose romantic marriage last year was a welcome respite of happiness and hope for a world racked by international problems and disagreement.

*He is also the first grandchild of a couple whose complete success in family life has endeared them to their people as strongly as has their high sense of responsibility in carrying out their duties as King and Queen.*

These duties will some day pass to the young parents and the child that has just been welcomed with worldwide rejoicings.

*Australia wishes the Princess and her husband joyful parenthood, and their child good health and a happy life.*

His progress and development will be watched with the same deep interest and affection that have always been shown for his mother.

### THE LITTLE SCOUTS



"One thing you gotta say—he's a game guy!"

# WORTH Reporting

## Red Cross service

AT Adelaide University this year the traditional end-of-the-year ragging of Professor Sir Kerr Grant had an extra significance. For the kindly, fun-loving Professor of Physics retires at the end of the year after 40 years service.

On the great day, when students piled the professor into a small open car and drove him from his office to the lecture theatre, they induced him to wear a steel helmet as a safety precaution.

Hundreds had packed into the theatre, some clinging to the rafters.

The uproarious programme ran true to form—flour bombs, the hurling of missiles, paper firecrackers, and streamers with bangles, catcalls, and shouts adding to the general pandemonium.

The professor called for silence when he submitted to the instant demands for his customary recital of Kipling's "If." He can be forgiven for injecting into this sole peaceful interlude a little heartfelt philosophy.

This he put across as a new last verse of "If," allegedly picked up in the ruins of Hiroshima.

*If you can find a way to smash the atom  
And yet not build the bits into a bomb,  
If you can say, "Well, I am a democrat  
And yet see something human in a Comm."*

*"If" in the brave new world's big university  
Once more your week-end problems seem too stiff  
Perhaps 'twill help you triumph o'er adversity  
If, thinking of this day, you think of "If."*

He received many gifts, including a pipe and a nightcap which, with a good grace, he put on.

Students will remember the professor's sense of humor along with his great contribution to learning.

His former pupils include Professor Marcus Oliphant and Dr Douglas Allen of the British Atomic Research team and Professor Eric Jauncey, Professor of Physics at Washington University, in St. Louis, U.S.A.

### Pier-jumpers

IMMIGRATION has caused a new word to be coined, writes our Melbourne representative, Tara Beckinsale, who is visiting South Africa.

"Pier-jumpers" is the name given to British would-be migrants who hopefully wait on wharves for cancelled passages on crowded ships. This was told by Mrs. Emily Norgarb, lecturer and adviser to immigrants on ten voyages from Southampton to Capetown.

Mrs. Norgarb spoke at a luncheon given at a leading women's club, The Vanguard, in Johannesburg, where our representative was a fellow guest.

She said that so anxious are some British migrants to get a passage to the colonies that they sell up all their possessions and then, with a few belongings packed on the wharves where migrant ships are due to leave England, in case there are any last-minute cancellations.

"We get to know the 'pier-jumpers' by sight and cheerily wish them better luck next time when they fail to get passage," she said.



"What a mess—I've struck oil."

### New liner

THE new luxury liner *Orcades*, the largest passenger liner built since the war, is getting ready for her maiden voyage to Australia early in the new year.

Her first sea-going venture on December 14 will be an extensive trial lasting for two weeks and taking in the traditional Aran Mile—a measured mile off the west coast of Scotland, where trial runs are operated. Her new time will be 26 days from London to Melbourne. Thirty-one thousand tons she has a total of 1527 berths, including accommodation for 576 crew. Her commander is Captain C. Fox.

The *Orcades* is noted for her sleek, yacht-like appearance and clipper bow.

The corn-colored hulls which are a tradition in the Orient liners cost an extra £1000 per year per ship, as compared with black-hulled vessels.

All first-class cabins have air-conditioning and telephones.

Former New Zealander Mr. Brian O'Rorke, now a brilliant architect in London, is responsible for the interior designs and decorations. Her total cost was £3,000,000.

WEVE decided we sent a reporter with an unusually developed sales resistance along to the lavish parties that recently launched the two new English cars, *Vanguard* and *Morris Oxford*, on the local market.

Having made notes of outrigger hinges, parcel trays, sprung loaded handles, counterbalanced bonnets and trunk lids, provided by the designers to make the cars specially appealing to women, our girl reporter set the surrounding salesmen right back on their heels by remarking, "But if you get a puncture you're still got to change the wheel yourself, haven't you?"

### Royal scarves

SCARVES are keeping up with the news, and some are even ahead of it. We've just seen scarves to be worn during the Royal visit planned by Mr. Gerard Herbert, art director of Prestige Fabrics, Brunswick Studio, Victoria, and 12 designers.

The scarves revive heraldic designs. There is the "Tudor" design, combining fleur-de-lis, the Tudor rose, and the Royal Crown. The backgrounds are richly colored. We liked best the one we saw in gleaming old-gold fabric.

The "Windsor" design is similar to the "Tudor" with the rose replaced by the Scottish lion, in honor of Queen Elizabeth who is Scottish by birth.

MISS Margaret Bridgen, who has an interior decorating business in Mayfair, has been helping Princess Elizabeth with the furnishing of Clarence House. Miss Bridgen arranged the furniture and decorations for the cabin of the King and Queen in H.M.S. *Vanguard*.

*Vanguard* will soon be ready for furnishing and decoration. The plumbers have nearly finished their work, and painters have taken charge of the top two floors.

### Good catch

ONE of the tragic legacies of the two World Wars is that there are never fewer than 100 names on the dangerously or seriously ill lists at the Repatriation General Hospital, Concord, New South Wales.

For these men and their next-of-kin is still a grim reality, and to make things a little less terrible for them the Red Cross runs its next-of-kin service, as part of the duty of its hospital visitors.

Hospital visitors, who are in attendance at Concord at all times, during the day and night, bring relatives from their homes and take them to one of the three comfortably furnished rest rooms at the hospital.

They either make tea or have everything ready for the next-of-kin to make it themselves, if they prefer it, and make any telephone calls that may be requested.

If the doctor considers it wise for next-of-kin to sleep at the hospital a bed is made up in the rest room and toilet equipment is provided.

If a patient dies the hospital visitor is sent for at once to do everything she can for the relatives and to drive them home.

To maintain such peace-time services as this, which help to alleviate the bitter suffering caused by war, Red Cross needs funds, and Red Cross Day this year will be December 3 in all parts of New South Wales.

### Dope detection

THE Australian Jockey Club's official analyst, Miss Jean Kimble, known in the Turf world as the "Hush Hush Girl" and the "Swab Queen," last week completed her 100th laboratory test on racehorses in the scientific war against horse-doping.

We paid a visit to Miss Kimble in her Sydney laboratory, and found she is an attractive, brown-haired young woman who is just as enthusiastic about her job as she was when selected for the post by the A.J.C. 18 months ago.

"We're on the watch for every known drug that can be used on horses, from those that pep them up to win to the drugs that are used to make them lose a race," she says.

"We've tried the blood and sweat tests, but the present swab tests of saliva have been found the most effective."

It takes Miss Kimble from 36 to 48 hours to perform a swab test. It is her report on the swab that starts off proceedings in a horse-doping case.

"I don't know the name of the horse that's been swabbed, and I send in my report as a number," she says. "But when you get a positive showing that drugs have been used it becomes quite exciting."

In some turf proceedings Miss Kimble is called on to give evidence.

She attended the Racing Conference in New Orleans in March this year and met Florida girl Elsie Bellows, who, she believes, is the only other woman turf analyst in the world.

"I love horses, and watch as many races as I can," she says. "But I don't bet very often—I'm quite happy just to watch them in action."

### FISHERMEN

had a wonderful haul recently. After a full tide the beach was strewn with thousands of tins and packets of cigarettes.

"The packets were soaked through, of course," said one man, "but my wife has washed and dried the tobacco, and it is splendid for rolled cigarettes."

Authorities say the cigarettes may have been dumped in the sea by smugglers who were in danger of being caught.

# IT SEEMS TO ME

by

Dorothy Drain

THE solution that has been suggested for the British cigarette shortage is one of those ideas that astonish by their very simplicity.

Six big companies are fitting the ends of their cigarettes with paper filter tips. They say that the average cigarette when stubbed contains a fifth of the cigarette so that these new cigarettes can contain a fifth less tobacco.

Ever sceptical, I measured the butts in my ash-tray, and find that they are only a seventh of a cigarette. But I should explain that, being in the midst of my semi-annual giving-up-smoking campaign, I am smoking my miserable few right down to the cork tip.

Actually these butts currently measure only 1in. All round me cigarette-free types are dumping cigarette ends of an inch or more.)

If the whole British nation, short of cigarettes, is feeling as I am between cigarettes at present—and probably worse because my deprivation is voluntary—this filter tip idea should not only solve the shortage but improve the national temper. And morale is only a fancy word for temper.

THE celebrated French painter, Georges Rouault, won an eight-year legal battle to recover 800 of his paintings from a dealer—and promptly burned 315 of them.

Rouault, now 77, said that he feared these paintings would have given a bad impression of his early work.

In making this bonfire, he did what many an artist in any field—painter, musician, or writer—must sometimes wish to do.

The paintings burned were valued at £150,000, but it was probably not an extravagant gesture financially as it appeared. The less work extant of a great painter, the higher the value of the individual works.

Authors who have become ashamed of their early work will envy Rouault. If an author is sufficiently famous he can hardly find a way to destroy any of his work. Even if he burned the manuscript and refused permission to a publisher to reprint, some copies of the despised novel will lie round somewhere.

MR. JAMES BAKER, an American traffic research director, announced the other day that high-grade morons make the best car drivers, and that persons with high intelligence don't keep their minds on driving.

That's the kind of statement calculated to enrage all expert drivers and please others such as myself, whose attempts to learn to drive have been unsatisfactory, though I imagine Mr. Baker would be the first to point out that being unable to drive was no proof of intelligence.

It's a dangerous statement, too. Traffic is quite alarming enough as it is, without a sudden surge of car, taxi, and lorry drivers all bent on proving their high intelligence by taking their minds off the road and going into an intellectual daze.

### Good catch

\*

A LANCASTRIE carter told an English magistrate recently that his Alsatian dog every morning switched on the electric kettle and barked to wake his master when the kettle boiled:

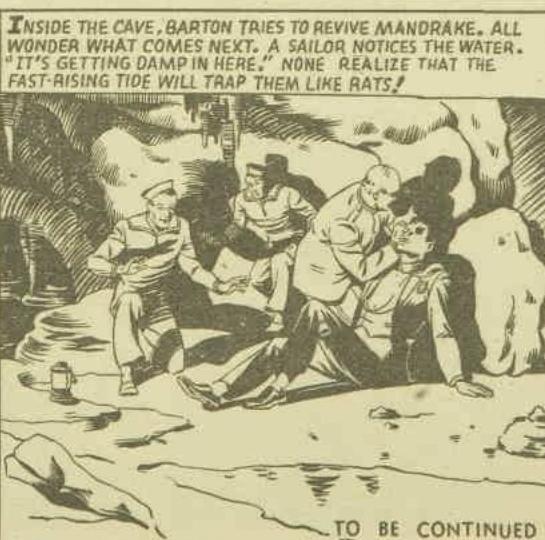
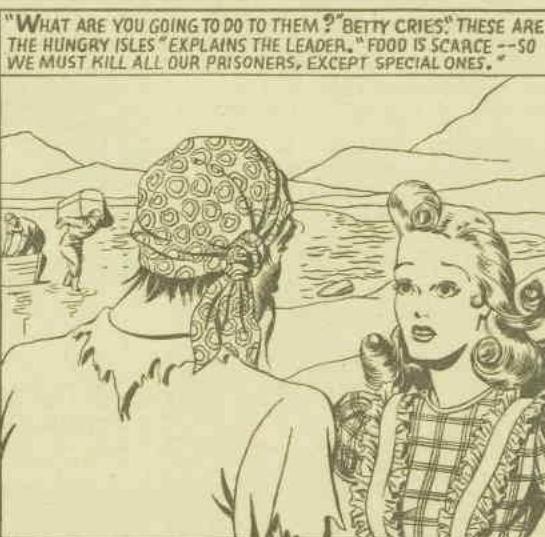
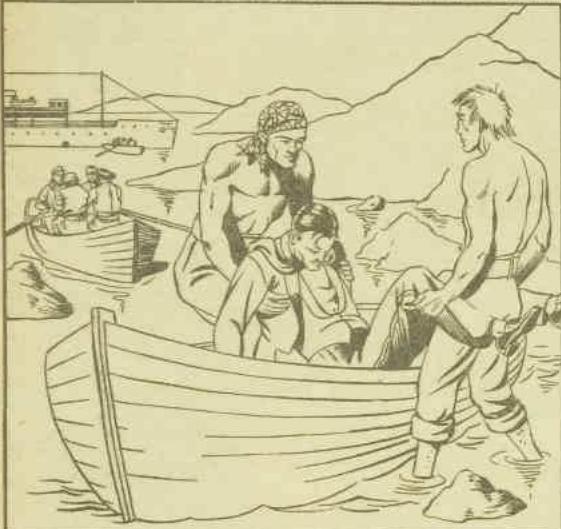
*There once was a dog who made tea,  
But, asked to make coffee,  
He struggled, made worse,  
I'm a shaggy dog,* said he.



# Mandrake the Magician

**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, go with **COLONEL BARTON:** In search of tame-colored pearls. Also on board the yacht Argos is **BETTY:** His daughter. A new clue in their search for the pearls leads them to the Hungry Isles, situated in uncharted waters. Mandrake and others set out in a small boat to make

soundings. They ask a fisherman who says that the only danger spot is the narrows, marked by buoy lights. He tells them to head between the lights and they will be safe. As they do so small boats surround them, and ragged pirates overpower the crew. Mandrake is knocked unconscious by a trick. NOW READ ON:



The Australian Women's Weekly — November 27, 1948

Ten exciting stories every month in ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE . . . 1/-

## TALKING OF FILMS

By  
Marjorie Beckingsale

### ★ Gentleman's Agreement

STRANGE though it may seem, Hollywood's Academy Award winning film "Gentleman's Agreement"—on the subject of anti-Semitism—is both a success and a disappointment.

I was more impressed by the film version of Laura Hobson's book than by the book itself, which I thought too brittle.

Ella Kazan's beautiful direction of Darryl Zanuck's production is an object lesson of perfection in detail, and the acting of the cast reaches a very high standard.

Where the picture fails is in the handling of its theme.

We get a continual flow of talk, and some extremely pertinent examples of anti-Semitism, but there is surprisingly little suggestion of any practical means of combating it or any other form of religious differences.

When the players become unreal the script is to blame.

Gregory Peck, for instance, has many good lines in the early portion of the story as the writer who poses as a Jew and experiences racial intolerance in many forms.

But by the end of the film the character of Phil Green has become priggish and irritating, though we can't blame the star for such a reaction.

Dorothy McGuire matches Peck with her sincerity. I have heard many arguments about her acting in all her films, when criticism has been levelled at her apparent lack of vitality.

My impression is that she cannot be artificial, even when it would make her work more effective, but I like her portrayal of the girl who is not consciously anti-Semitic, but resents the influence of religious difference on her desire for living.

John Garfield steps out of his customary type, but his fame will approve of his acting as the Jewish soldier who philosophically acknowledges frequent insults to his race, while he deplores the apathy of people who are not anti-Semitic.

I have seen Celeste Holm only once before in a poor quality musical, so her Academy Award supporting role is a pleasant surprise, with its polished sophistication.

The Fox film is at the Century.

### ★ Daisy Kenyon

MOST modern film dramas which deal with the lives of beautiful women are set in surroundings of the utmost luxury.

I never can find myself becoming anxious over the sorrows of some lovely working girl when she appears to live in a state of luxury she never could afford in real life.

"Daisy Kenyon," Joan Crawford's latest opus for Fox, has the usual glossy, expensive backgrounds.

Very early it is made clear that Joan as fashion designer Daisy Kenyon lives contentedly in an unfashionable part of New York, in spite of the offers of wealthy married Dana Andrews to meet her household bills.

Daisy's salary apparently is adequate to run her home and pay for her obviously expensive clothes.

The eternal triangle theme becomes a quartet when Daisy marries Henry Fonda to escape from the trouble she is causing Andrews and his wife, but her real worries only begin there.

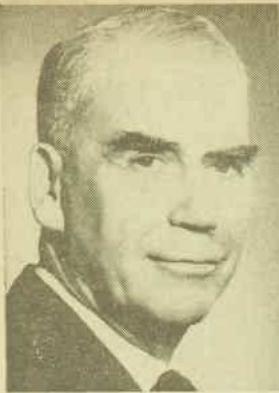
Everyone suffers a great deal. If it were not for the competent acting of Crawford, Andrews, and Fonda, the film would be little more than a slice of unbelievable drama.

It is at the Mayfair.

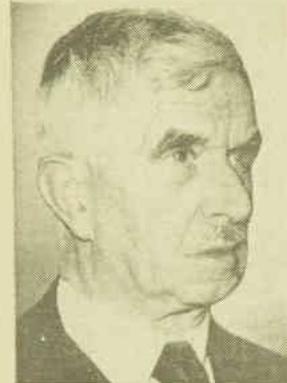
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# PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S FIRST CHILD



**THE DOCTOR.** Sir William Gillatt, aged 60, who is president of Royal College of Obstetricians and Gynaecologists.



**HOME SECRETARY** Rt. Hon. J. Chuter Ede, who pinned on the Home Office door bulletin announcing the Royal birth

• The world rejoices in the safe arrival of Princess Elizabeth's first child, who is direct heir to the throne in succession to the young mother.

Every married couple who has experienced the joys and anxieties of a first baby's arrival knows how the 22-year-old mother and her young husband are feeling about this great event.



**THE CHRISTENING ROBE** to be worn by new baby. It was made for children of Queen Victoria, shown with her first great-grandson (Duke of Windsor) wearing robe.



**THE PROUD PARENTS**, Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, photographed during their honeymoon last year. Congratulations and good wishes on the birth of their first baby are pouring in to Buckingham Palace from all over the world.

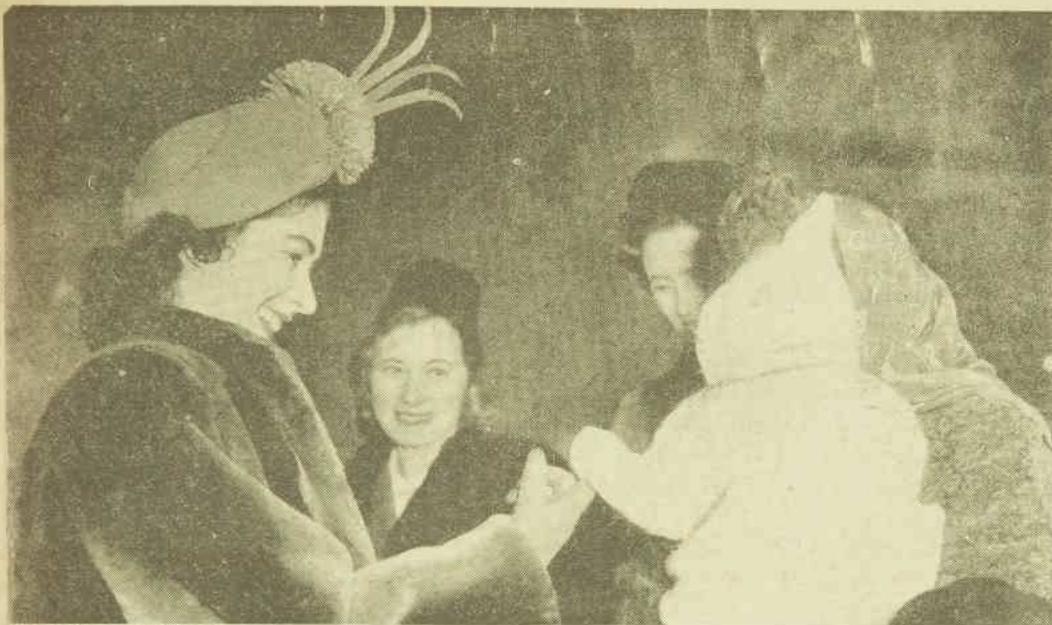


**THE COT** is one that was used for the Princess and her sister, shown beside it at exhibition of Royal treasures, 1939. It has been reconditioned and redecorated, is one of several needed in the Princess' different residences.



**THE PRAM**, which has also been used for a number of Royal babies. It has been reconditioned because it is a better one than austerity prams available in England now. This picture shows Princess Elizabeth in the family pram when she was 14 months old.

... She has always loved babies



VISITING ARMY CAMP in February, Princess Elizabeth met wives and families of N.C.O.s and men in 16th/5th Lancers. "Can I have my finger back?" she asks five-months-old Margaret Hannay.



AT NINETEEN she could hold a baby with an experienced hand. This one she nursed during a visit to Heritage Craft School in Sussex.



THE PRINCESS visited Queen Elizabeth Hospital, Hackney, soon after announcement that she was to have her first baby. She waits while baby Carol Mackenzie helps herself to a flower from her bouquet.



AS GODMOTHER she held Elizabeth Lavina Sara, daughter of Lt.-Commander J. Osborne King and his wife, at christening in 1946.



GODMOTHER AGAIN — to Rosemary Elizabeth. The baby's father, the Hon. Andrew Elphinstone, is Princess Elizabeth's cousin.



DURING WAR, Princess Elizabeth, in A.T.S. uniform, distributed to hospitals baby clothes sent by people of N.S.W. to National Association of Girl Guides. Accompanying her is Mrs. Walter Elliott.



CURTSY from two very young ladies wins an encouraging smile from Elizabeth when they present flowers at Millinery Designers' Show.



BASHFUL PATIENT captured her interest when she inspected the wards during a visit to a hospital for children in the East End.

It isn't grubby kiddies that make a bath look old and dirty...



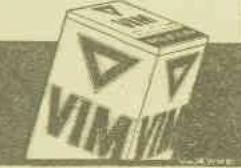
It's harsh cleaning



But if you sprinkle a little VIM on a soft cloth...



VIM's added cleansing power will remove grime without harming the porcelain



**INSPECTOR GROGAN** went on. "After questioning the waiter at the hotel, 'Smith' came back here that night to warn somebody, and when Mr Rutherford left him to take a telephone call he went off and ran into Honeyman. They must have had a 'talk', and 'Smith' found out he was the girl's husband, and told him about Shelton."

"Yes, yes," Medley put in. "I see that's why he didn't mention his mission to Edgar or me during those days. He knew he'd get it off his chest, and to the very man whose wife Shelton was hunting."

"Yes, Shelton was on the hillside that night and overheard all that passed between 'Smith' and Honeyman."

"But why didn't he shoot 'Smith' too?" Johnny asked.

"Didn't need to. Must have heard him say he was dying back to Vancouver first thing in the morning. No, Honeyman was Shelton's headache now. He waited hidden till Smith walked down the beach, but before he could kill Honeyman Miss Preston came along and she and Honeyman hid their quarrel.

"When she'd gone—gone on down to the wharf to meet the doctor—Shelton came forward and tackled Honeyman. I don't think he meant to shoot him at first, but Honeyman must have threatened him with exposure, and Shelton was down to his last penny up to his ears in debt, and his only hope was to marry a rich woman quickly. His father was through with him."

"As he fired, Honeyman must have drawn his revolver without Shelton seeing it in the darkness, and when he fell it dropped from his hand under the bushes, where Mr Rutherford found it. Shelton went through Honeyman's pockets for the pearls he guessed Mrs Honeyman had given her husband, but the same night he thought it safer to drop them into her pocket. If things went all right he'd get them anyhow."

Medley murmured: "Blessed. Very, very beauty."

The mistake he made was at the first inquiry when he didn't corroborate the story of 'Smith's' arrival on the path outside the front door by the drawing-room window. Shelton said he'd been sitting there since coffee till Mr Rutherford called him. "Well, that he blew right back in his face. If 'Smith' had come up to the door Shelton must have seen and heard him. So first I thought

"Very neat work," Medley said. "He must have thought everything was going along nicely. 'Smith' safely back in Vancouver. I suppose he thought."

"That's right. Then, last night on the launch he hears, no, he's not 'Smith' on your houseboat. Now he's got to smash him off quickly so when Mr Rutherford and the doctor are over there having a look at the invalid, Shelton nips into the garden room and gets the cyanide."

"He rows over there a bit before eleven-thirty, hides till Mr Medley gets into his hammock, and then—well, in the dining-room before dinner he said exactly what X might have done about the lantern, what X—himself—actually did do."

Medley said: "Hold on, Inspector. It was shown when you found that dented coin on him this afternoon that he'd got it in change at the milk-bar."

"That's what it looked like, that's what he said. But I noticed that he put out on the table a pound's worth of silver—a shilling too much if he'd paid for two milk drinks. So I reckoned the girl in the shop had given him a ten-shilling note and nine shillings—he said she was short of change."

"Earlier in the morning when he'd got up he left his silver—the way people sometimes do, forgetting—on his dressing-table or somewhere, and later when he'd got back from the milk-bar, slipped it into his pocket."

#### Our Cookery Book

THE Australian Women's Weekly 68-page cookery book containing prizewinning recipes and highly commended food budgets in our £2000 Cookery Contest will be on sale early next month. It will be available at our offices and all newsagents for 2/-.

Special sections are devoted to economical meat dishes, desserts, pastries, cakes, scones, tea-cakes, nut and fruit rolls.

All the recipes have been carefully tested by our cookery experts, and directions are particularly clear and full.

The book would make an ideal Christmas gift for the newly engaged, the young bride, or the established housewife.

**COVERING THE WOUND ISN'T ENOUGH!**  
Infection starts right under that skin-break. Why give it a chance? Apply Rexona Ointment generously to your usual dry dressing. Rexona goes deep and heals quickly at the point where infection starts.

★ A handy, small jar of Rexona Ointment is an absolute necessity in every bathroom cupboard.

39147

## The Cliffside Case

Continued from page 13

'Smith' was a myth, and that you were lying, Mr. Rutherford."

"Thanks. Yes, I thought you thought that."

"But when I found 'Smith' was a reality, well—"

Johnny gave a laugh. "We all lied that night out of funk."

"Yes, but Shelton's was the only lie to his own disadvantage. There's all the difference in that. He wasn't quick enough to see that he ought to add his voice to Miss Elliot's about 'Smith'."

"Of course, so he should."

"When I was going over the second anonymous letter I said to the sergeant, 'Shelton wrote that.' Seeing this mistake he'd made, he was trying to convince us finally that 'Smith' didn't exist."

"Who wrote the first one?"

"Miss Elliot. She admits it now. She wrote it with one finger on the typewriter she'd ferreted out in Miss Shaw's room."

Edgar exclaimed: "Sunny? What for?"

"Oh . . . jealousy and that." Grogan glanced at him sideways. "Shelton thought she'd be suspected of the second letter, too. He wrote that on the night of the rainstorm. That night, we find out from Miss Shaw, she was in here with him."

Edgar said: "The night she said she was over with me playing cribbage?"

"That's right. And you first said she wasn't and then she was. Well, they were in here, having a little chat in the dark, you know. They got confidential and she told him about the novel she was trying to write and about her typewriter."

"About one o'clock Shelton went upstairs on some excuse or other, slipped into her room, and typed the second letter Mrs Honeyman heard him. He ran quickly down the outside staircase and back in here. When Miss Shaw asked him why his coat was wet, he said he'd been outside fixing a flapping shutter. They heard Mrs Honeyman come downstairs and sat tight till she'd gone."

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Vivid new serial set in the Caribbean Islands

"**MY LOVE WILL COME**" new serial to begin in our issue of December 4, is by Dorothy Cottrell, famous Australian author of "The Singing Gold."

Set against the colorful and elemental background of the Caribbean Islands, "**My Love Will Come**" presents an unforgettable story of a fine old man, his cherished granddaughter, the bad men of the swamps, and a handsome stranger who crosses their paths.

Watch for the opening instalment in next week's issue.

"Why didn't you, then?"

"Well, I had a feeling that something—is it too melodramatic to call it Fate?—was going to take the decision out of my hands. Don't laugh at me, but I do know these things, sometimes, in advance."

He shook his head. "I guess more likely that it was just your fatal fondness for the unfortunate."

"Was it? Am I really like that?"

He nodded slowly. "I'm hoping so. I'm hoping it was that."

She lifted her eyes to his. "He went on. "Yes, that's what I'm hoping. Because I thought—I thought that if I appealed enough to your pity you might begin to care for me."

"My pity?" she said. "You?"

"Yes. You haven't any idea how unfortunate I am. You can stare, I'm not joking. For years now I've thought I wasn't ever going to find a woman I could love—and really like—and want to spend my life with. For years I've felt lonely and empty inside. And then when I did meet the girl, a month ago, she was half married to one bloke and half promised to another."

She didn't speak.

"Well?" he said.

Something in her look made him take his hands off the wheel and put his arms round her.

"Polly . . . Polly, darling—that power of yours to see how things are going to turn out—couldn't you ask it now if there's any chance of us getting married and living happily ever after?"

She said: "Darling, you may not believe this, but really I knew that a month ago. That's why I'm here."

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—eleven shillings, including the florin he'd opened the tin with the night before.

Todd laid a bait of the stuff this morning, but was afraid to open up to it when the tin got so hot."

Medley got to his feet and flicked his butt out into the fern garden.

"Well well . . . Poor old 'Smith,' eh? I was quite looking forward to taking him fishing. I'm sure he'd have liked fishing. He was fond of music. He woke yesterday afternoon when I had the gramophone on and said: 'Very nice, the G Minor, isn't it?' He drifted to the door.

"Well, I'm off. So long, chaps." At the door he turned. "By the way, Inspector, 'Smith'—what was his real name?"

Grogan said: "Smith."

"Yes, 'Smith'."

"That's right—Herbert Farquharson-Smith. Funny, wasn't it. Mr Rutherford picking on it like that."

The tragedy shared didn't keep them together.

Soon after breakfast next morning Elsie and Johnny left.

Fenella packed up and went off to finish the summer with friends at Palm Beach. They weren't as rich as Owen's people, but Michael would be easier to handle.

Later that morning Edgar was driving Polly to town. He stopped the car at the top of the road and glanced back over his shoulder.

"Well, say good-bye to Cliffoide," he said suddenly. They hadn't spoken since leaving the house. "I don't expect you'll want to see it again."

She looked at him, not at the roof through the trees. "Why not? Cliffoide's been everything that's hospitable and kind to me."

"Yes, but after all that you've been through here. First Lionel, and then the other man you were going to marry."

She said, in a minute: "Actually, I would never have married Owen."

He turned in his seat and looked full at her. "What?"

"I admit for a time I thought it was going to happen . . . but I knew that there wasn't anything there behind his physical strength."

Edgar said dryly. "You were always nice to him, I must say!"

"Maybe, but all the time I was trying to screw myself up to tell him."



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transparent Pears.



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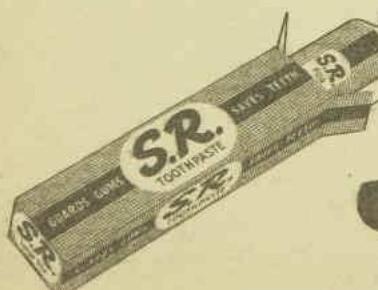
PL. 22. W.W.H.

*And the girls used to  
call him "Handsome"*

Teeth lost through a  
gum infection that S.R. Toothpaste  
might have prevented

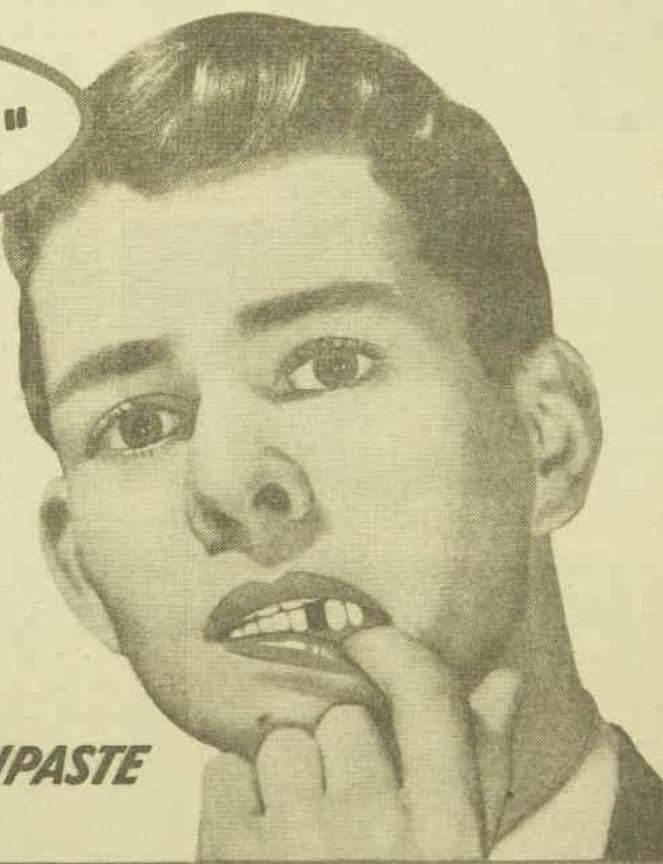
It's at the gum line that many tooth tragedies begin. Gums start to feel sore, soft, inflamed and quite soon a tooth may have to be extracted. Help save teeth by guarding gums with S.R. Toothpaste!

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**S.R. TOOTHPASTE**

HELP SAVE TEETH WITH THIS NEW KIND OF TOOTHPASTE





THREE PRETTY LASSES. Brenda Williams (left), Pam Hayon, and Brenda's sister, Enid Williams, snapped at fete at Elaine, Double Bay, in aid of Legacy.



COUNTRY BRIDEGROOM Gordon Bettington, of Terrasong, Mervina, with his pretty Sydney bride, formerly Helen Baldock, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Baldock, of Darling Point. Couple wed at St. Marks, and are attended by Syd Evans (left), Wallace White, of Martindale, Denmark, Mrs. Alan Atwill, as matron-of-honor, and Nancy Baldock, who flew home from England to be bridesmaid.

## Intimate, Greetings

**G**LITTER of diamonds, lovely gowns and furs throng the Tivoli Theatre foyer as first-nighters arrive to see gala premiere performance of "Aida" presented by the Italian Opera Company.

Some opera enthusiasts in surging crowd tell me they'll be there every change of opera. They include Sir Ben and Lady Fuller, the Arthur Charrites', who have recently returned from trip abroad, the L. S. Studlers, Mr. and Mrs. O. L. McCoy, the Morris Jackmans, Mrs. T. H. Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere, Lady Hordern, Judge Rainbow and Mrs. Rainbow, Mrs. Dixon Hughes, Dr. V. M. Coppleson and Mrs. Coppleson, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Coppleson, Miss Margaret Gillespie, and Mrs. Florence Taylor.

AT conclusion of performance directors of J. C. Williamson Theatres Ltd. entertain principals of company and few guests in dress circle foyer at buffet supper party. Having grand welcome home is director-general of Opera, Mr. Nevin Tait, who attends with his daughter, Mary and Sir Walter Russell.

WELL-KNOWN writers, Max Murray and his wife, Maytie Greig, who recently arrived in Australia from London, take house at Vaucluse.

**D**ATE FOR YOUR DIARY: Christmas fete at Spastic Centre, Mosman, this Saturday, November 27, from 1.30 p.m. till 10 p.m. Father Christmas will put in appearance at 3.30 p.m. and 7.30 p.m.



RACES AT RANDWICK. Pretty young punters Diana Calder, Diane Grawes, and Pat Eyles attend Warwick Farm Meeting at Randwick together.



LUNCHING AT PRINCE'S. Betty Field and Mrs. Tony Pfeiffer lunch at Prince's to discuss plans for all-day Horse Show at Castle Hill Showground this Saturday. Proceeds for Entertainment Group of Torchbearers for Legacy.



ON BOARD ORION. Mrs. Pamela Manners (left), who has been six months in England and is the daughter of the late Surgeon-Commander Roberts and Mrs. W. E. Roberts, returns with Mrs. Geoffrey Bristed, formerly Enid Hull.



LUNCHING AT ROMANO'S. Tim Wisdom and Marsha Monaghan, members of Kindergarten Union Luncheon Club Younger Set, discuss plans for party at Mountbatten this Friday.



PARTY AT AUSTRALIA. Lady Hartley, wife of Sir Harold Hartley, Chairman of British Overseas Airways Corporation, chats with Mrs. Murray Jones and Mrs. Hudson Fysh at party given by Qantas Empire Airways at Australia Hotel.

MEET fair-skinned English-born Betty Pinkerton recovering from a bout of severe sunburn and enduring her first Australian heat-wave day, but she tells me she's too busy to think much about it. As honorary secretary of the newly formed Little Citizens' Kindergarten Committee she is working hard making plans for the Christmas Tree party being held this Thursday evening at the Pickwick Club to raise funds for the children's Christmas party at the Kindergarten. Betty has come with her family to make her home in Australia.

LATEST news from England of Bill and June Davies is that they are happily installed in lovely home quite near Oxford University Bill is Rhodes Scholar and is continuing his studies at Oxford. His pretty wife was June Fleming, of Kelvinside, Aberdeen, before marriage. Home was formerly occupied by Jika Travers and his wife. Bill and June have acquired bicycles and plan to spend their holidays cycling through England. They have met lots of Australian friends since arriving in England.

FEW days in Sydney for Helen and Ross Huffton and Hugh and Jean Ross and their little daughter, June, when they come to Sydney from Harden to attend Helen Baldock's wedding with Gordon Bettington. Hugh and Jean, with June, are guests of Jean's mother, Mrs. Matt Ryan, of Bellevue Hill.

BEFORE leaving to make their future home in Clayfield, Brisbane, Nancie and Robert Nightingale have farewell party given by Nancie's grandmother, Mrs. J. M. Johnston, at Moorewood, Chatswood.

SYDNEY friends are getting ready to greet Mrs. Maynard Jenour formerly Maggie Fielding Jones who arrives from London with her husband next Tuesday. Her mother, Mrs. Stuart Osborne, has invited guests to a party at her Point Piper home on December 2. Mr. and Mrs. Jenour expect to be in Sydney until the middle of February, when they will leave to make their future home in Wales.

Joyce

## THE THREE MUSKETEERS



VINCENT PRICE as the wily Richelieu in "The Three Musketeers," Dumas' famous story.



GENE KELLY as D'Artagnan changes clothes with his faithful lackey Planchet (Keenan Wynn) to confuse his enemies in Paris.



FRIENDSHIP now between quartet (left to right): Robert Coote (Aramis), Van Heflin (Athos), Gene Kelly (D'Artagnan), and Gig Young (Porthos).



LADY DE WINTER (Lana Turner) is the most beautiful and dangerous woman in France. She is in league with Richelieu, and D'Artagnan arranges a rendezvous with her. He pretends to make ardent love to her in the hope of discovering what she and Richelieu have been plotting against King Louis.



SWORD PLAY (right) between D'Artagnan and Athos (leader of the Musketeers), when D'Artagnan proves the more skillful.



COURT BALL. The Queen of France (Angela Lansbury) dances serenely with her husband, King Louis XIII (Frank Morgan). She conceals her fear at the knowledge that crafty Richelieu has been plotting to undermine her influence with the King. D'Artagnan arrives in time to return to the Queen the King's gift of diamonds which she had given to a former English lover.



READY FOR ACTION. Gene Kelly as D'Artagnan, dashing hero in M.G.M.'s technicolor dramatisation of Dumas' colorful story of adventure in France.



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## Revolt of an Angel

Continued from page 9

WHEN Marlene didn't show up on Wednesday, Peg mentioned it in a casual tone to Mr. Fenlake.

"He's at home sick," Fenlake said, "or so Goodhill tells me. I wish he could stay there—and still get his work done here. Take this letter. Dear Mr. Brand—"

Peg went in later to Goodhill.

"He said he was sick," Goodhill shrugged. "He'd better be, with all his work piling up here. Who does he think he is, anyhow?"

Peg approached Personnel, telling herself it was her duty to find out if Monday was faking it. She got Monday's address and went to it when her letters were done. It was a hotel, not bad, not good.

The clerk said Mr. Marlene was in his room—had been there for three days. Sick, possibly. Peg, still only doing her duty by the office, went upstairs to see. She knocked, tried the door, found it unlocked, and went in.

He was in bed with his back turned and the shade down. All she could see was a twisted mound of blankets. "Who is it?" came Monday's hoarse voice.

"Me — Peg Waring. The office sent me," she lied.

"Get out," said Monday.

Peg turned the light on and went to the bed, and a yellow, unshaven face turned toward her.

"What's wrong with you?" she asked.

"Malaria, and a few other things. Peg, I'm glad you've come."

That did it. Peg, who had never been heard to lift her voice in anger—Peg, the even-tempered and serene—gave Monday Marlene a tongue-tashing that he himself could not have bettered.

She told him all the kinds of fool he was, and told him the office hadn't sent her—because no one there cared whether he lived or died, he had such a horrid disposition. She said she herself could hardly stand the sight of him, and maybe he was glad she'd come, but she herself was sorry.

While she told him all these things, crying a little, she bathed his hot, dank face and hands, and after that, when he began to shudder with a chill, she hurried out to get a hot-water bottle and on the way past the desk ordered more blankets to be sent up. She told a boy to go out and get some hot broth, too.

The boy snapped into it. "Gee, that dame's got a temper," he observed.

For two days after that, Peg took care of Monday, bringing food, and spoon-feeding him, and he was a rather subdued man under her competent—and brusque—treatment.

The third night he came out of a fever at about nine o'clock and lay with her hand firm and cool on his forehead.

"It's a perfect set-up for you, isn't it?" he said weakly. "A bachelor healthy is impregnable. A bachelor sick is helpless, and his morale is at a low ebb, and he begins to think how lonely his life is and how much he misses by not having a little woman all the time."

"You needn't worry about being impregnable," snapped Peg. "As far as I'm concerned you still are. I want no part of you."

"Then why are you taking care of me?"

"I expect because nobody else will and I'm a weak fool where sick animals are concerned."

"Thank you too much," chattered Monday, sliding off into a chill that tinkled the lampshade four feet away.

He said at eleven, "All right. I'll admit it. I am lonely sometimes. I'm thirty-one and I haven't many friends and I don't like girls except as entertainers. They're either silly gigglers or hard-bitten career women."

"The loss to my sex," said Peg, "is staggering. I'll go home now and toss and turn while I dream of how handsome, kind, and irresistible you are."

Monday got much better next day. But he was shaky and unstrung, and above all, felt so exhausted that he could hardly lift a hand. At dinnertime, with a tray propped on his knees, he said, "You've been fine, Peg. Thanks."

"Think nothing of it," Peg replied. "I don't."

"Sorry—I've been thinking a great deal of it. And what I've been thinking is that for two days, though I've been sick, I've never felt so contented in my life. Must be from having you around. I like the feeling."

He reached for her hand, which she removed promptly from his vicinity.

"I'm tired of hotel life, anyhow," he went on. "So why don't we get married and I'll move into your apartment with you? I'll pay the rent," he added generously.

"I don't like this kind of joke."

"This isn't a joke, darling. I've always been afraid I'd fall pretty hard one day, and I thought when I first saw you that maybe this was it. This is a formal proposal and you can sue me for it. Will you marry me, Peg?"

Peg drew a deep breath.

"Marry you?" she said. "You, Monday? Pardon my merriment. I wouldn't marry you if I knew this minute that otherwise I'd go to my grave an old maid."

"Got it all off your chest?" said Monday.

"By no means. It would take a week. You can get around the room by yourself now. You'll be well in a few days, so I won't sacrifice any more time. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Peg," said Monday, staring at the ceiling with his face sharpened and ravaged by his illness. "Nice to have known you, sweet."

Peg felt pretty sure that over the week-end Monday would get well enough to come to the office, so she arrived that morning, a little late, with banners flying and hands clenching as she imagined what she'd say if he dared raise his battered head enough to speak to her.

"Look here," she told him in her mind. "You know now where you stand with me. I find it unnecessary to enlarge on the theme." This, on examination, seemed a trifle stiff. "Look, here—there's no connection between our departments, so I see no reason for our speaking at all."

She opened her door, and stopped abruptly on the threshold with her fingers glued to the doorknob. Monday leaned back against her desk and looked at her.

He was thinner, but no sign of tiredness showed in his face. His eyes, though yellowish, were sharp, and were quite normal save for one thing—there was in them a most unusual gentleness, almost a vulnerable look.

"Hello, Peg," he said softly. "Hello, darling. Got a different answer for me this morning?"

Peg's shoulders straightened. Color that could have been seen on flags came to her cheeks.

"Look here, Mr. Monday Marlene," she said—and walked into his arms.

After quite a while she stirred and said, "Oh, Monday, what'll I do with you? You're such a so-and-so."

"Not any more," vowed Monday. "You've freed me. From now on I'm the meekest of the meek. You'll see—"

Innocently on his way to his own office Mr. Fenlake appeared at the party open door. He stopped and stared, appalled at the tragedy his eyes recorded.

"Well?" exploded Monday, the meekest of the meek.

Fenlake backed out, speechless before the fate that had overtaken his secretary Miss Waring and Monday Marlene! It couldn't be! That nice girl and this—this—

"The poor kid," he murmured at last. "Flowers aren't enough. Oh, the poor kid!"

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## Dress Sense by Betty Kepp

Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letter to Mrs. Betty Kepp, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

RESORT dates and the informal dances and parties that are always a feature of summer holidays call for a two-purpose dress in the wardrobe, so my first answer this week describes such a dress, which is also illustrated.

### Two-purpose dress

I AM writing to ask your advice about a summer outfit. I have the material—eight yards of 36in. linen-like rayon, in a pretty mauvish violet shade. I want the dress to be suitable for the daytime, as well as for informal summer dances. Though I am only a self-taught dressmaker, I can follow most designs. I am keen to make a strapless dress, but do not feel like tackling boning the bodice or anything too complicated."

A dress with a strapless bodice, plus a matching jacket reaching only to just below the bustline, should suit you. Make the dress with a flared skirt, slim-fitted midriff, and gathered bodice finished with a drawstring. The drawstring will hold the bodice firmly in place, and will eliminate any complicated boning or shaping. Have the short jacket designed on the same lines, fastening with a drawstring under the bosom. You now have a day and night ensemble—minus the jacket, perfect dress for informal occasions; with the jacket, a smart two-piece for daytime.

### Stand-by dress

"UNTIL the new fashions came in, I had a good plain black dress made in tubular silk jersey, which was a stand-by for many occasions. The dress has short set-in sleeves.



**GERTRUDE.** — Attractive one-piece with a full skirt of printed spun material. The colors include pale pink and green, blue and deep rose, lime-green and rose, aqua and rose, all printed on white grounds. Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust. 32-36; 36in. and 38in. bust. 34-38. Postage 1.95/- extra. Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust. 32-36; 36in. and 38in. bust. 34-38. Postage 1.95/- extra.

**GRACE.** — Charming summer dress with unusual neckline in a printed

with heavy pads in the shoulders. It fastens at the back, and is pulled in at the waistline by a white suede belt. There is no join at the waist. At the time I had the dress made I bought the same jersey in white. Could I use it in a renovation?"

Renovate your black dress with a new half bodice and new sleeves made in the white silk jersey. Cut the original bodice off just below the sleeves, and replace with a new bodice section cut magyar style. Have the shoulder-line quite soft, unless your own shoulders are very sloped. Do not use any shoulder-pads. Finish the new top with a boat-shaped neckline and three-quarter-length sleeves. The sleeves could be tapered for the new winged effect. Replace the white belt with a gold kid one—the combination of gold, white, and black is very chic.

### For cocktail hour

"AS a reader of your feature, Dress Sense, I am asking for some advice. I am in the middle twenties, fashion conscious, and my friends say, 'a smart dresser.' I make my own clothes and at present am planning a cocktail suit to be made in taffeta or satin. I want the design to be classic, but my problem is the color. I don't wear black, and



**TWO-PURPOSE** dress designed for eight yards of rayon linen which a reader wants to make up into a dress for summer dances as well as other occasions.

simply can't think what else would be smart."

A suit of a pale apricot shade worn with bronze shoes, a golden brown scarf, and dark, rather than light gloves would be very chic and attractive. Or you might consider the possibilities of an inky purple tone for the suit, a matching shade for the hat, and the palest of beige for the shoes, handbag, and gloves.

### Winter coat

"BEFORE I leave Australia on a trip I want to have a good winter coat made. Would you please advise me about the latest styles?"

A slim-waisted, full-skirted silhouette is a flattering and widely accepted current coat silhouette. Cape coats, too, are endorsed by many designers—one version is very full and another type slim and straight, with a shoulder capelet. Then there is a fitted coat with fullness at back of the skirt, and a coat with voluminous tent-like silhouette. From Paris comes a new, pencil-skirt, wrap-over coat, often fur-lined or fur-bordered.

**Worried about waist**  
"ALTHOUGH in the early twenties, and not in the least fat, I am worried because my waist is not small. I do not want to be thinner, but would like to achieve the waistline so fashionable this summer. Would you kindly tell me if this is possible?"

You could take a course of waistline exercises, or, if you are not the exercising type, a laced waistband or a higher girdle with shaping through the waist might possibly do the trick. Another solution is a little padding at the hips and bosom to create the illusion of a small waist.

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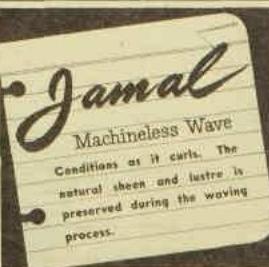
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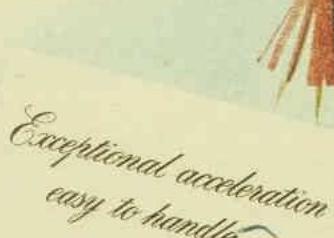
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SINCE 1852 VILLENEUVE-SUISSE

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The Australian Women's Weekly — November 27, 1948



By . . .  
**CAROLYN EARLE**  
Our Beauty Expert

● There's a belief that the more soap a nation uses, the higher its degree of civilisation. Certainly cleanliness which inspires the daily bath is the first beauty rite.

BATHS are the least expensive beauty treatment there is, and the quickest dividend producers.

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As the bath a day is good on many accounts, presumably two baths a day are better—especially in the summer.

Bathe early in the morning, before the working day at home or in the city. You'll feel, act, work, and look better. Then bathe again after the day's work is done, before dinner or at bedtime.

Some adjusting of time may be necessary to work two baths into your schedule, but start off and there's every chance in the world that you'll continue, not only because of increased vim and vigor, but because of improved appearance.

Bathing practices vary with the individual.

For instance, take the cold-shower; this lucky person is stimulated and invigorated from a spray of icy water. Her skin tingles and glows from the beating flow.

But unless that's your reaction—if you shiver and keep on shivering—better take a warm bath instead.

Here's how a warm-tubber sets about it:

In the morning bathing is a short rite, so run a moderately hot bath. Then the soap will give a full, generous lather. Follow this with several splashes all over from the cold-water faucet.

Dry briskly with a thick bath towel; dust quickly with bath powder or talcum, or spray on some eau-de-cologne.

Otherwise, take a warm shower so that you may soap yourself quickly, and rinse by gradually juggling the flow of warm water from warm to lukewarm to cold. Follow with thorough drying and after-bath aids of your choice.

Unless you have a bathroom of your own (luxurious thought), take the scrubbing bath at night, allowing as much time as possible for it. This should be a relaxing as well as rejuvenating bath, for remember, bathing is a youth-keeping beauty secret.

Be lavish with your cake of good soap, lathering it out into finely

spun suds. This way, loose cuticle flakes, as well as the day's grime, are removed, and oil and perspiration secretions put to flight.

Soften the water with bath salts, two tablespoonsfuls of laundry starch, borax, or bath-oil; use that bath brush, too, the one with firm bristles. Then scrub to your body's content.

If, once every day, the skin is indulged to a thorough lathering of soft suds of a good soap, it often gains in clarity and smoothness.

Many a time such lathering, accompanied by bathbrush action, puts an end to goose pimples, frees elbows and soles of the feet of calluses.

Working up a good circulation has been the motif of the baths mentioned. The exception is the bath taken on very warm days.

A brisk rubdown when the thermometer is high tends only to increase body heat and increases perspiration. In such weather, pat the body dry, do not rub.

Try this on excessively hot days in summer time. Pat off excess moisture, spray the body with toilet water, and lie down on the bed until the skin dries. The air and moisture will cool the temperature of the skin, leaving a feeling of freshness that lasts for hours.

Foamy bubble baths have a light stimulating action; the formation and bursting of the bubbles against the skin create a light, tapping effect, which is pleasant, as well as amusing to look at, and the perfume soothes the senses.

Toilet preparations for the bath fall into several classes, and may be matched or mixed. Bath-olls scent and soften the water, bath crystals also perfume and smooth body skin, bubble baths are fun and soften and perfume the water; after-bath cologne sprayed or patted on is cooling for the skin; after-bath oils soothe, smooth, and scent the skin after drying.

After-bath perfume or toilet water is equally effective used after the morning bath or just before going out in the evening.

Perfumes, regardless of whether they are concentrated essences, toilet waters, or eau-de-colognes, are best applied directly to the skin; provided, of course, the skin is sturdy enough to "take" them without unpleasant reaction.

Talc is probably the oldest bath accessory, and are sometimes used to top off after-bath oils.



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AT CHEMISTS AND STORES

THE CONCENTRATED GOODNESS OF MALT, MILK & EGGS

Page 31

# *A Host of Good Things*



*Host Holbrook says—*

"Although I am not yet able to offer you such of my well-known delicacies as Olives from Spain and Capers from France, I can now supply, without stint, my famous Sauces and many Table Delicacies.

"I continue to brew my WORCESTER-SHIRE SAUCE in the good old way and to mature it in vats of English oak. Ah! it is excellent with every meat or savoury dish.

"My VAT 2 SAUCE is available, too. It is a delicious, thick, fruity Sauce.

"My TOMATO SAUCE is made from fresh, ripe tomatoes on the day they are gathered from the field.

"My MUSTARD SAUCE is delicious with hot or cold meats, for mayonnaise dressings and in tasty, colourful savouries.

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# HOLBROOKS

# Guest Night



By  
Our Food  
and  
Cookery Experts

Set the table early in the afternoon, relax until it is time to start the cooking process, and enjoy the party as much as your guests.

#### DINNER MENU

Papaw Cocktail  
Rolled Fish Fillets with Prawn Filling  
Baked Leg of Lamb, Jellied Mint Sauce  
Baked Potatoes and Pumpkin Crumb-topped Tomatoes, Green Peas  
Peach Chiffon  
Cheese Straws Black Coffee

#### PAPAW COCKTAIL

Two cups diced peeled papaw, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons baby lettuce leaves, fresh mint sprigs.

Place papaw in bowl, add lemon juice and sherry, toss lightly until well mixed. Chill 1 hour. Serve in crisp lettuce leaves arranged in small dishes. Garnish with mint. If fish course is omitted from menu, chopped prawns or crabmeat may be mixed with the papaw.

#### ROLLED FISH FILLETS WITH PRAWN FILLING

Six bream fillets (whiting is delicious, if available), 1 dessert-spoon margarine or butter, 1 dessert-spoon flour, 1/2 cup milk, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 cup shelled prawns, strips of parboiled red pepper, lemon slices and parsley to garnish.

Wash fillets thoroughly in salted water, rinse in fresh water, dry on clean cloth. Rub both sides with cut lemon. Melt margarine or butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without allowing to brown. Stir in 1 cup of the milk, continue stirring until sauce is boiling. Season with salt and cayenne pepper, fold in prawns. Fold in lemon juice a little at a time. Spread broad end of each fillet with prawn mixture, fold narrow end over, secure with cocktail stick. Grease an ovenware dish (sufficiently large to hold the six folded fillets), add remainder of milk. Place fillets in, cover with greased paper. Cook in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 8 to 10 minutes.

The menu may appear elaborate at first glance, but study of the recipes will prove that they are simple and not likely to overtax the budget or the nervous system.

Jellied mint sauce, peach chiffon, cheese straws, and ingredients for papaw cocktail may all be prepared early in the day; peas may be shelled, too.

Filling for rolled fish fillets and crumb-topped tomatoes may be prepared hours beforehand, though, of course, the tomatoes will not be cooked until just before serving.

The Australian Women's Weekly — November 27, 1948

#### CHEESE STRAWS

Two ounces margarine or butter, 4oz. flour, 1 teaspoon salt (or more according to taste), pinch cayenne pepper, 3oz. grated cheese, 1 egg-yolk, good squeeze of lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon water (if necessary).

Rub shortening into sifted flour, salt, and cayenne until mixture resembles breadcrumbs. Add cheese. Mix to a very dry dough with egg-yolk, lemon juice, and water (if required). Turn on to floured board, roll to 1in. thickness. Cut half the mixture into strips about 3in. long and 1in. wide. Straws may be twisted spiral fashion if desired. Lift carefully on to greased tray. Cut balance of paste into rings, using 2 cutters—1in. and 1in. in size. Lift rings carefully on to greased tray with straws. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 8 to 10 minutes until very lightly browned and crisp. Allow to cool on tray. Thread 3 or 4 straws through each ring, serve garnished with parsley. Remainder of paste may be brushed with egg-white, sprinkled with grated cheese, baked as above, and stored in airtight tin for future use.

#### PEACH CHIFFON

One tin peach halves (or 3 large fresh peaches, peeled, halved, and simmered in syrup until soft), 1 packet lemon jelly crystals, 1 pint hot water, 2 egg-whites, maraschino or crystallized cherries to decorate, pale green coconut.

Cut some of the peach halves into thin crescents to decorate edge of dish. Place remainder curved side up in serving-bowl—or arrange one peach half in each individual serving-dish. Dissolve jelly crystals in hot water. When cold and beginning to thicken, whip with rotary beater until thick and creamy. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour over peaches, arrange sliced peaches around edge. Dust top with colored coconut, chill until set. Decorate with cherries, serve icy cold. Any firm fruit—apricots, pears, or cooked pineapple—may be substituted for peaches. Strawberries may be used in place of cherries to decorate.

To Color Coconut: Place required amount of coconut in cup. Add a few drops of any desired coloring, stir quickly until well mixed and evenly colored.



#### JELLIED MINT SAUCE

Two tablespoons finely chopped mint (freshly picked young leaves), 2 tablespoons sugar, 3 tablespoons boiling water, 3 tablespoons white vinegar (malt vinegar may be used, but color will not be so attractive), 3 level teaspoons gelatine, green coloring.

Dissolve sugar and gelatine in boiling water, gradually add vinegar, color green, pour on to mint. Stir occasionally to prevent mint settling on bottom of bowl. When beginning to thicken, fill into wetted egg cups, chill until set. Unmould and serve with hot or cold roast lamb.

HERE'S a dinner you will be proud to serve . . . and it's easy to do if you prepare some of the dishes and ingredients before cooking-time. See menu and detailed recipes on this page.



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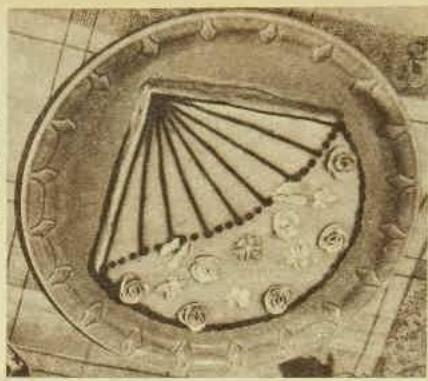
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NOVELTY FAN CAKE pictured here is very easy to decorate and looks attractive on afternoon tea or supper table. Recipe below.



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## Five special prizes in our £2000 cookery contest

THESE recipes entered in our £2000 Cookery Contest were highly commended by the judges.

On their recommendation a special prize of £1 each has been awarded entrants.

### NOVELTY FAN CAKE

Two ounces margarine or butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 egg, 4oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 4 tablespoons milk.

Cream shortening with sugar and orange rind until soft, white, and fluffy. Add unbeaten egg, mix well. Fold in sifted flour and salt, alternately with milk. Turn into shallow, greased 8in. cake-tin, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 25 to 30 minutes. Allow to stand in tin a few minutes before turning carefully on to cake-cooler. When quite cold, ice and decorate in the following manner.

Icing and Decoration: Eight ounces sifted icing sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 2 tablespoons orange juice, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 tablespoon chocolate mock cream, icing flowers.

Commencing half-way round edge of cake, trim off a piece on either side, leaving round edge for top of fan and cutting to a point to represent handle of fan. Sift icing sugar, mix to a smooth, thick paste with orange rind, orange juice, and melted butter. Soften to pouring consistency over low heat. Cover top and sides of cake, smoothing surface, if necessary, with knife dipped in hot water. Allow to set. Pipe straight lines of chocolate mock cream from point of fan half-way across surface to represent spokes of fan. Pipe balance of cream around top edge of fan. Fill plain space with icing flowers.

Special Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. Roff, 14 Little King William St., Kent Town, S.A.

### STRAWBERRY DREAM BOATS

Two eggs, 1 cup castor sugar, pinch grated lemon rind, 1 cup self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons cornflour, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 dessertspoon melted butter, mock cream, strawberries.

Separate whites from yolks of eggs, beat whites stiffly. Gradually add sugar, beat until sugar is dissolved, add egg-yolks and lemon rind, beat 3 or 4 minutes longer. Fold in sifted flour, cornflour, and salt, alternately with hot milk and melted butter. Half fill greased boat-shaped tins, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 10 to 12 minutes. Turn carefully on to cake-cooler. When cold cut an oval-shaped piece from top of each. Fill with mock cream, colored pale pink. Press 3 small strawberries into cream, points up. If liked, any remaining mock cream may be piped round edges of cakes.

Special Prize of £1 to Mrs. H. Larkin, 21 Moorookyle Ave., Oakleigh, Vic.

### HONEY TEA CAKE

Two ounces margarine or butter, 1 cup honey, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup all-bran, 1 cup milk, 1 cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt. For Topping: Two tablespoons shredded peel, 1

tablespoon all-bran, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon sugar.

Cream margarine or butter with honey and lemon rind. Add egg, mix well. Fold in raisins, all-bran soaked in milk, then sifted flour and salt. Turn into greased loaf-tin (small), top with peel and all-bran, then dust with cinnamon and sugar. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 35 to 40 minutes.

Special Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Cowie, 562 Woodville Rd., Guildford, N.S.W.

### VEGETABLE PIE WITH PEANUT BUTTER PASTRY

Peanut Butter Pastry: Eight ounces flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 4oz. good shortening, 2oz. peanut butter, 2 or 3 tablespoons water.

Sift dry ingredients, rub in shortening and peanut butter. Mix to a dry dough with water. Turn on to floured board, roll to fit 8in. or 9in. plate. Prick base and sides well with fork, pinch a frill around edge. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500deg. F. electric) 12 to 15 minutes. Prepare filling.

Vegetable Filling: Two cups medium thickness white sauce flavored with celery salt and cayenne pepper, 6 or 8 cooked spring onions (very small), 1 cup cooked peas, 1 cup cooked, cubed carrot, 1 cup diced, cooked celery, 4 tablespoons finely diced bacon.

Combine sauce, salt, cayenne pepper, and vegetables. Fill into cooked pastry case, top with diced bacon. Return to hot oven until filling is hot and bacon crisp and lightly browned. Serve hot.

Special Prize of £1 to Mrs. H. Rogers, Huntley's Pt. Rd., Huntley's Pt., N.S.W.

### INDIAN MINCE PIES

Indian Mince Filling: One onion, 1 dessertspoon fat, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon curry powder (or according to taste), salt, 1 cup stock or water, 1 diced apple, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, squeeze of lemon juice, 2 tablespoons sultanas, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 11 cups diced cold meat.

Peel and dice onion, fry golden brown in melted fat. Add flour, curry powder, salt, stock or water, stir until boiling. Stir in apple, lemon rind and juice, sultanas. Simmer 10 minutes. Fold in parsley and meat. Prepare pastry.

Pastry: Eight ounces flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 4oz. good shortening, 1 egg, squeeze lemon juice, 3 tablespoons water.

Sift dry ingredients, rub in shortening. Mix to a dry dough with egg-yolk, lemon juice, and water. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, roll thinly. Cut into rounds with floured cutter, line deep patty-tins. Cut an equal number of rounds, slightly smaller, for tops. Fill patty-tins with meat mixture, moisten edges of pastry. Place tops on, pinch edges together, cut small slit in top of each. Brush with milk. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500 deg. F. electric) 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot.

Special Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. N. Wallace, 23 Thomas St., Ipswich, Qld.

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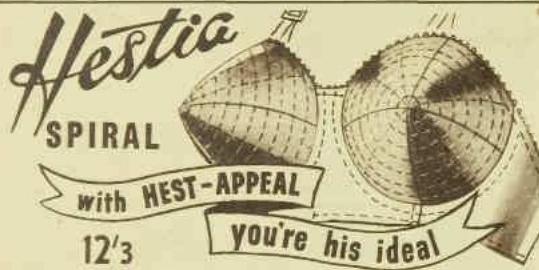
# GAS



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## Ideas for the children's Christmas



CHRISTMAS TREES look gay decked in tinsel and colored lights, but if lights are not available the trees will be equally effective against a light background.



A TEDDY BEAR like the one pictured above would fascinate a tiny tot. Teddy takes only 1yd. of material, and is 16in. long. Directions accompany pattern. Price 1/8, from our Pattern Department.



A CHRISTMAS STOCKING like this one requires 1yd. and 1yd. contrast 36in. wide material. Gerry the giraffe (height 10in.) takes 1yd. of material, so do the lovely clothes for the 16in. doll. Patterns, 1/8 each.

## Life story of Mrs. Kasenkina

Continued from page 15

THE American police officers, having climbed over a fence separating the Consulate grounds from the adjoining building, were at my side.

"American hospital," I murmured to them as I lost consciousness.

I leaped in terror to a stone-hard pavement, but found myself in the warm embraces of the American people.

In the Roosevelt Hospital I at last discovered the America which had eluded me during more than two years of my quest as a teacher in the Soviet service.

I have discovered that there is no better way to gauge the temper of a country, the standard of its living, and its social progress than by being a patient in one of its hospitals.

I wonder how many of the thousands of distinguished foreigners who have visited Soviet Russia have had such an opportunity to observe the true condition of the masses there.

From all I know, very, very few had ever seen Soviet life from a hospital cot.

If they had, they would have caught a glimpse of the lower depths in which my people were plunged by the Soviet experiment.

When I begged the police in the courtyard of the Consulate to take me to an American hospital, I feared that my captors would try to defy the American authorities and detain me in a critical condition under their roof.

Even before the ambulance took me to the hospital, I had made it clear that I did not want to be left in Soviet hands.

The Consuls and their aides could not have mistaken my wishes.

Yet no sooner was I installed in a room, under the protection of the police who saved me, than my erstwhile gaolers Lomakin and Chepurnykh, had the audacity to appear in the corridor outside my door and claim jurisdiction over me.

I informed the police that I did not want to have anything to do with the Soviet officials, that they had kept me in the Consulate against

my will, and that I had jumped to escape from them.

Only later did I learn that Lomakin sought to have the room across the hall from me set aside for Soviet "protectors" ostensibly to help me.

The American authorities respected my wishes and turned down the request. I doubt if I could have survived a second siege.

So anxious were my Soviet masters to lay their hands on me that they returned the following morning and were allowed to see me.

I beheld Chepurnykh and one of the Consulate women at my bedside, and immediately made it clear that they were not welcome.

When Chepurnykh asked me if I desired to be moved to another hospital, I perceived his design, and answered emphatically, "No."

To indicate that I did not want him to stay any longer, I shut my eyes and declared:

"You held me prisoner and wouldn't let me out. I don't want to see any of you."

This is the last I ever saw of the Soviet rulers under whom I had lived and suffered for over thirty years.

### Land of freedom

MY conscience was clear. I had served my people loyally as a teacher through a lifetime of agony.

I had discharged my debt with a vengeance to the insatiable Soviet regime, having sacrificed my innocent husband to its lust for power and my only son to its inhumanity.

Before God, I felt fully entitled to live my own free life from now on. The new world which had opened up before me was to one injured to Soviet existence like another planet.

From the police chiefs to the detectives and interpreters around me, from the chief surgeon, Dr. Pennoyer, to the internees and nurses treating me, and from the hundreds of inspiring letters which have reached me, there came to me a realisation that America is not only a land of freedom, but also a land of human love.

Perhaps my act will help America and the world to realise what a treasure the forces of freedom possess in the legions of victims of and refugees from the Soviet despotism.

That this idea is dawning upon people everywhere is shown by a letter from a 17-year-old American student which has just reached me.

"Your act has given me a new appreciation of the freedom we enjoy," he writes.

To this idea I am prepared to dedicate my second life.

(Copyright)



HALF AN HOUR'S WORK will convert a shabby evening bag into a fresh and pretty one if it is covered with lace or some other suitable material. Cost is trifling.

A SEAM EITHER SIDE allows for the opening and shutting of the bag, and the rest of the material is gathered and attached firmly along top, frilled slightly over clasp. The handle, too, is covered with lace to complete the bag.

## Renovation freshens evening bag



THE FINISHED BAG, ready for Christmas parties. A leather bag covered with plaid or plain wool fabric would be an equally effective renovation in wintertime.

## Why birds like my garden

By Our Home Gardener

THEY like my garden simply because I like the birds and appreciate their service to me and my garden; and they in turn trust and like me and my garden.

We keep a fifty-fifty bargain. They are the very soul and ornament of my garden, and, despite anything that John Foster Fraser may have said about our birds having no song, their trills, calls, and chatter greet me every morning of every day of the year.

They are continually busy destroying and devouring insects and weed seeds that promise to menace the health and welfare of flowers, fruits, and vegetables. But I have to keep my part of the bargain. Every day the things essential to a bird's life are placed within reach—food, water, and grit—and this year I hope to provide a few of them with additional protection and security by building bird-houses and erecting a bird-bath that will accommodate a dozen or more instead of two at a time—as at present.

Work has to be done in the early mornings and during week-ends, but at all times I try never to disappoint my bird friends nor to disturb them unnecessarily.

Birds have to eat during all seasons of the year, and OUR aim is to encourage the insectivorous birds more than those which confine their appetites to seeds alone.

So we provide them with suet, chopped meat scraps, soaked wholemeal bread, cracked wheat and corn, and bird seed throughout the year, doubling the supply in the winter.

for it is during those times that the insectivorous birds such as blue wrens, Jacky Winters, wagtails, pewits, and others experience a hungry time.

Trees are growing up and will eventually provide them with safety and preening and resting places from which we can enjoy their quaint habits and listen to their songs. And so the birds in my garden have privacy, plenty of food and security during the year.

In return they give me much. They are forever fossicking among the shrubs and rockeries for small snails, grubs, moths, grasshoppers, cutworms, and aphids, and I know that but for their efforts my garden would frequently be ravaged by such pests.

And they sit on the trees and fences and wait for their daily handout, for we keep a fifty-fifty bargain.

### DECEMBER SOWINGS

DURING December the following flower seeds can be sown: Amaranthus, aster, calliopsis, Canterbury bells, carnation, cineraria, cobeia scandens, cockscomb, coleus, columbine, dianthus, gaillardia, Iceland poppy, leptosyne, lupins, marigolds, petunia, phlox, portulaca, primula, snapdragon, stocks, kochia, sunflower, sweet peas, viola, pansy, and zinnia.

The following vegetables may be sown during December: Beans (dwarf and climbing), beetroot, cabbage, carrot, cauliflower, broccoli, cucumber, leek, lettuce, marrow, parsnip, potatoes (in some districts), pumpkin, rockmelon, sweet potatoe (cuttings), silver beet, Swede turnips, squash, and tomatoes.

A QUARTER of a yard of lace will help you to refurbish a worn evening bag into a fresh-looking one, suitable for summer parties.

The one illustrated was made of black crepe. Covered with cream lace, it will be carried with pastel or black frocks.

Very little material is needed—say, covers a normal-sized evening bag.

Velvet or satin could be used with equal success, and, if you wish, the finished bag scattered with toning sequins.

If the inside lining is soiled, clean it and brush out when dry, or re-line.

### Weighing your baby

By SISTER MARY JACOB,  
Our Mothercraft Nurse

YOU should have your baby weighed at regular intervals to keep a check on his progress. If you live near a Baby Health Centre, it is not necessary to have your own scales.

Remember that gain in weight is only one sign of good nutrition, and there should always be evidence of the other signs—firm flesh, good color, clear skin, bright eyes, alertness, and activity.

Some people think that continued big gains in weight are the all-important factor in baby's progress.

A comprehensive chapter on baby's weight, and progress notes, is to be found in "You and Your Baby," our recently published book on parenthood, which can be ordered from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, N.S.W., 17/-, plus 4d. postage (registration threepence extra) is sent.

Note: Names and addresses must be clearly written in block letters.

### Miss Precious Minutes says:

TO remove ink stains from linen: Place immediately under a running cold-water tap, then soak stained part in a basin of strong borax water overnight. (Use cold water.)

WHEN you're peeling lots of fruit or vegetables attach a small piece of adhesive tape to the ball of your thumb (left or right as the case may be) to prevent painful nicking.

NOW that gardenias are in season again, here's a hint to keep them snowy-white. Place a pad of wet cotton-wool over the picked blooms at night, putting the spray in a flat saucer of water. This way they'll last for days.

IF you need to turn milk sour for a recipe, and have no lemons handy, vinegar can be used instead.

Extracts from a Matron's Case History File



"Who would think that a month ago this baby was losing weight?"

"Yes, it is only a month since her mother came to me for advice. Baby was continually crying and cranky—didn't seem to be getting enough food—and she was losing weight alarmingly."

"I explained to the baby's mother how even modified cow's milk is too heavy to be absorbed by such a tiny digestive system. I showed her how Benger's Food allows a baby to absorb the full nourishment of cow's milk, plus the added goodness of Benger's special body-building properties, without digestive strain. I assured the mother that nothing of food value was lost—baby grows strong and healthy as the digestion rests."

"Baby was put on Benger's Food that very day. She started to regain lost weight, seemed far more contented. Now she is the bonny baby you see in my arms—chubby, happy and a joy to her parents. In all my years of nursing I have found nothing better than Benger's Food for building up babies weakened by digestive upsets."



**FREE MOTHERCRAFT BOOK.**  
Mothers, write to the address below for your free copy of "The Mother and her Child," an invaluable guide to the diet and care of children.

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BY NURSES  
FOR OVER 50 YEARS**

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2/-, 3/3, 5/10.

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66 Reservoir Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

Both the medical and nursing professions have endorsed Benger's Food as a thoroughly reliable and trustworthy preparation for the nourishment of infants, invalids, the aged, and for use in all cases of weak, enfeebled digestions.

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which safely STOPS  
under-arm PERSPIRATION

1. Does not stain dresses or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration 1 to 3 days. Removes odour from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of an international institute of laundering for being harmless to fabric.

Small jars 1/-; Large jars 2/-



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HOTPOINT Electric Servants mean fresher, brighter homes for housewives! They save time, too—for they are designed to make housework faster, more efficient. Their distinctive styling, their economy in operation, the freedom they bring from household drudgery have made them top favourites with Australian housewives for over forty years. HOTPOINT is "The Name Everybody Knows."



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Made in England.  
Colours stay brighter, linens wash beautifully and the pressure cleansing action of the motor-driven wringer means clothes are lighter to handle. Motor-driven pump . . . 1½ gall. capacity . . . sediment trap prevents circulation of dirt . . . permanently oiled mechanism . . . storage compartment for wringer. £91/10/-.

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The Australian Women's Weekly — November 27, 1948

F5325.—Simple short-sleeved bodice and flared skirt combine to make a charming one-piece. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4lyds. 36in. material. Price, 1/11.

F5326.—One-piece, styled with a decollete neckline and full skirt. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4lyds. 36in. material. Price, 1/11.

F5327.—Pretty, waisted design for a small girl. Sizes, 4, 6, and 8 years, or lengths, 20in., 23in., and 27in. Requires 2yds. 36in. material, 1yd. 36in. contrast, and 2½yds. frilling. Price, 1/6.

F5328.—Flattering design for a summer suit. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4lyds. 36in. material, and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 1/11.

F5329.—Cool, one-piece dress with an unusual collar made in contrast. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material, 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 1/11.

F5325

F5327

F5328

F5329



1125

### NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS . . .

#### No. 1123.—CARD TABLE COVER

The design is clearly traced on fawn, bitter sweet, or lemon cotton. Bias binding for finishing the edge is not supplied. Cover measures 36in. x 36in. Price, 4/11. Postage, 3d. extra.

#### No. 1124.—DAINTY THROWOVER

The design is clearly traced on pastel cotton voile, in white, pale green, lemon sky-blue, or pink. When the embroidery is finished turn a 1in. hem all round and hem-stitch. Throwover measures 36in. x 36in. Price, 4/11. Postage, 3d. extra.

#### No. 1125.—LITTLE TOT'S FEEDER AND MAT SET

The design is clearly traced on good quality white huckaback. Feeder is 8in. x 11in. Mat 11in. x 17in. Price, 4/11 set. Postage, 3d. extra.

#### No. 1126.—PEG APRON

The pattern is clearly traced on good quality cotton in saxe-blue or pink. Price, 4/3. Postage, 3d. extra.

#### No. 1127.—LITTLE GIRL'S FROCK

The pattern is clearly traced on printed cotton voile, in pastel grounds of pale pink, blue, green, or lemon, with a small white square design.  
Sizes: 19in. length, 3 years, 12/11. Postage, 5d. extra. 20in., 4 years, 13/9. Postage, 6d. extra. 23in., 6 years, 14/6. Postage, 7d. extra. 27in., 8 years, 15/3. Postage, 8d. extra.

PLEASE NOTE: When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 1123, 1124, 1127, make a second color choice.

TO ORDER: Needlework Nations and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 29.

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#### Remove the Cause

WHEN waste matter is allowed to accumulate in the colon it has three effects. It weakens the muscular power of the body to remove it. It creates poisonous products which through the circulation reach every cell in the body. It forms a breeding-ground for germs by the millions. That is the reason high authority to-day regards constipation as primarily responsible for eighty-five cases in every hundred of serious illness. Why specialists all over the world have made internal cleanliness their slogan.

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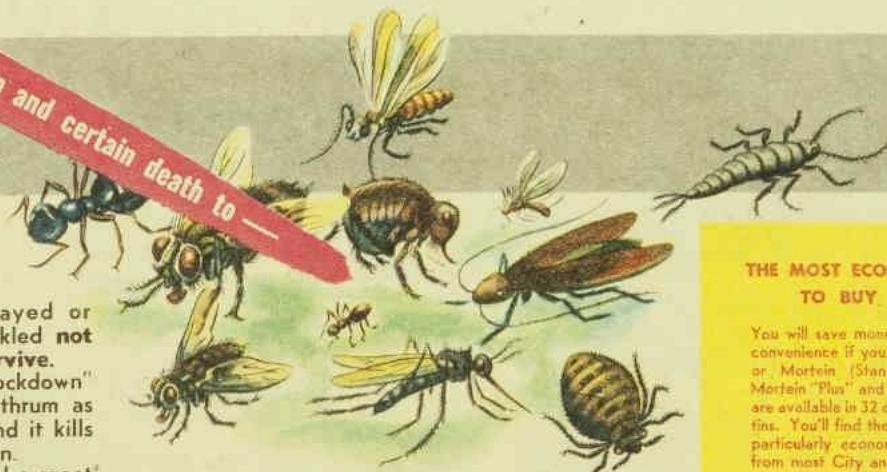
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Mortein "Plus" is a super-charged insect spray. It contains extra D.D.T., with pyrethrum and other tonics. It kills instantly and leaves a deposit which keeps on killing for weeks on end.

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